

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

### PART THE SECOND. HARTWRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

LADY GLYDE's recollection of the events which followed her departure from Blackwater Park began with her arrival at the London terminus of the South Western Railway. She had omitted to make a memorandum beforehand of the day on which she took the journey. All hope of fixing that important date, by any evidence of hers, or of Mrs. Michelson's, must be given up for lost.

On the arrival of the train at the platform, Lady Glyde found Count Fosco waiting for her. He was at the carriage-door as soon as the porter could open it. The train was unusually crowded, and there was great confusion in getting the luggage. Some person whom Count Fosco brought with him procured the luggage which belonged to Lady Glyde. It was marked with her name. She drove away alone with the Count, in a vehicle which she did not particularly notice at the time.

Her first question, on leaving the terminus, referred to Miss Halcombe. The Count informed her that Miss Halcombe had not yet gone to Cumberland; after-consideration having caused him to doubt the prudence of her taking so long a journey without some days' previous rest.

Lady Glyde next inquired whether her sister was then staying in the Count's house. Her recollection of the answer was confused, her only distinct impression in relation to it being that the Count declared he was then taking her to see Miss Halcombe. Lady Glyde's experience of London was so limited, that she could not tell, at the time, through what streets they were driving. But they never left the streets, and they never passed any gardens or trees. When the carriage stopped, it stopped in a small street, behind a square—a square in which there were shops, and public buildings, and many people. From these recollections (of which Lady Glyde was certain) it seems quite clear that Count Fosco did not take her to his own residence in the suburb of St. John's Wood.

They entered the house, and went up-stairs to a back-room, either on the first or second floor. The luggage was carefully brought in. A female servant opened the door; and a man with a beard, apparently a foreigner, met them

in the hall, and with great politeness showed them the way up-stairs. In answer to Lady Glyde's inquiries, the Count assured her that Miss Halcombe was in the house, and that she should be immediately informed of her sister's arrival. He and the foreigner then went away, and left her by herself in the room. It was poorly furnished as a sitting-room, and it looked out on the backs of houses.

The place was remarkably quiet; no footsteps went up or down the stairs—she only heard in the room beneath her a dull, rumbling sound of men's voices talking. Before she had been long left alone, the Count returned, to explain that Miss Halcombe was then taking rest, and could not be disturbed for a little while. He was accompanied into the room by a gentleman (an Englishman) whom he begged to present as a friend of his. After this singular introduction—in the course of which no names, to the best of Lady Glyde's recollection, had been mentioned—she was left alone with the stranger. He was perfectly civil; but he startled and confused her by some odd questions about herself, and by looking at her, while he asked them, in a strange manner. After remaining a short time, he went out; and a minute or two afterwards a second stranger—also an Englishman—came in. This person introduced himself as another friend of Count Fosco's; and he, in his turn, looked at her very oddly, and asked some curious questions—never, as well as she could remember, addressing her by name; and going out again, after a little while, like the first man. By this time, she was so frightened about herself, and so uneasy about her sister, that she had thoughts of venturing down stairs again, and claiming the protection and assistance of the only woman she had seen in the house—the servant who answered the door.

Just as she had risen from her chair, the Count came back into the room. The moment he appeared, she asked anxiously how long the meeting between her sister and herself was to be still delayed. At first, he returned an evasive answer; but, on being pressed, he acknowledged, with great apparent reluctance, that Miss Halcombe was by no means so well as he had hitherto represented her to be. His tone and manner, in making this reply, so alarmed Lady Glyde, or rather so painfully increased the uneasiness which she had felt in the company of the two strangers, that a sudden

faintness overcame her, and she was obliged to ask for a glass of water. The Count called from the door for water, and for a bottle of smelling-salts. Both were brought in by the foreign-looking man with the beard. The water, when Lady Glyde attempted to drink it, had so strange a taste that it increased her faintness; and she hastily took the bottle of salts from Count Fosco, and smelt at it. Her head became giddy on the instant. The Count caught the bottle as it dropped out of her hand; and the last impression of which she was conscious was that he held it to her nostrils again.

From this point, her recollections were found to be confused, fragmentary, and difficult to reconcile with any reasonable probability.

Her own impression was that she recovered her senses later in the evening; that she then left the house; that she went (as she had previously arranged to go, at Blackwater Park) to Mrs. Vesey's; that she drank tea there; and that she passed the night under Mrs. Vesey's roof. She was totally unable to say how, or when, or in what company, she left the house to which Count Fosco had brought her. But she persisted in asserting that she had been to Mrs. Vesey's; and, still more extraordinary, that she had been helped to undress and get to bed by Mrs. Rubelle! She could not remember what the conversation was at Mrs. Vesey's, or whom she saw there besides that lady, or why Mrs. Rubelle should have been present in the house to help her.

Her recollection of what happened to her the next morning, was still more vague and unreliable. She had some dim idea of driving out (at what hour she could not say) with Count Fosco—and with Mrs. Rubelle, again, for a female attendant. But when, and why, she left Mrs. Vesey she could not tell; neither did she know what direction the carriage drove in, or where it set her down, or whether the Count and Mrs. Rubelle did or did not remain with her all the time she was out. At this point in her sad story there was a total blank. She had no impressions of the faintest kind to communicate—no idea whether one day, or more than one day, had passed—until she came to herself suddenly in a strange place, surrounded by women who were all unknown to her.

This was the Asylum. Here she first heard herself called by Anne Catherick's name; and here, as a last remarkable circumstance in the story of the conspiracy, her own eyes informed her that she had Anne Catherick's clothes on. The nurse, on the first night in the Asylum, had shown her the marks on each article of her underclothing as it was taken off, and had said, not at all irritably or unkindly, "Look at your own name on your own clothes, and don't worry us all any more about being Lady Glyde. She's dead and buried; and you're alive and hearty. Do look at your clothes now! There it is, in good marking-ink; and there you will find it on all your old things, which we have kept in the house—Anne Catherick, as plain as print!" And there it was, when Miss

Halcombe examined the linen her sister wore, on the night of their arrival at Limmeridge House.

Such, reduced to plain terms, was the narrative obtained from Lady Glyde, by careful questioning, on the journey to Cumberland. Miss Halcombe abstained from pressing her with any inquiries relating to events in the Asylum: her mind being but too evidently unfit to bear the trial of reverting to them. It was known, by the voluntary admission of the owner of the madhouse, that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. From that date, until the fifteenth of October (the day of her rescue), she had been under restraint; her identity with Anne Catherick systematically asserted, and her sanity, from first to last, practically denied. Faculties less delicately balanced, constitutions less tenderly organised, must have suffered under such an ordeal as this. No man could have gone through it, and come out of it unchanged.

Arriving at Limmeridge late on the evening of the fifteenth, Miss Halcombe wisely resolved not to attempt the assertion of Lady Glyde's identity, until the next day.

The first thing in the morning, she went to Mr. Fairlie's room; and, using all possible cautions and preparations beforehand, at last told him, in so many words, what had happened. As soon as his first astonishment and alarm had subsided, he angrily declared that Miss Halcombe had allowed herself to be duped by Anne Catherick. He referred her to Count Fosco's letter, and to what she had herself told him of the personal resemblance between Anne and his deceased niece; and he positively declined to admit to his presence, even for one minute only, a madwoman whom it was an insult and an outrage to have brought into his house at all. Miss Halcombe left the room; waited till the first heat of her indignation had passed away; decided, on reflection, that Mr. Fairlie should see his niece, in the interests of common humanity, before he closed his doors on her as a stranger; and, thereupon, without a word of previous warning, took Lady Glyde with her to his room. The servant was posted at the door to prevent their entrance; but Miss Halcombe insisted on passing him, and made her way into Mr. Fairlie's presence, leading her sister by the hand.

The scene that followed, though it only lasted for a few minutes, was too painful to be described—Miss Halcombe herself shrank from referring to it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Fairlie declared, in the most positive terms, that he did not recognise the woman who had been brought into his room; that he saw nothing in her face and manner to make him doubt for a moment that his niece lay buried in Limmeridge churchyard; and that he would call on the law to protect him if before the day was over she was not removed from the house.

Taking the very worst view of Mr. Fairlie's selfishness, indolence, and habitual want of feeling, it was manifestly impossible to suppose that he was capable of such infamy as secretly recognising and openly disowning his brother's child.

Miss Halcombe humanely and sensibly allowed all due force to the influence of prejudice and alarm in preventing him from fairly exercising his perceptions; and accounted for what had happened, in that way. But when she next put the servants to the test, and found that they too were, in every case, uncertain, to say the least of it, whether the lady presented to them was their young mistress, or Anne Catherick, of whose resemblance to her they had all heard, the sad conclusion was inevitable, that the change produced in Lady Glyde's face and manner by her imprisonment in the Asylum, was far more serious than Miss Halcombe had at first supposed. The vile deception which had asserted her death, defied exposure even in the house where she was born, and among the people with whom she had lived.

In a less critical situation, the effort need not have been given up as hopeless, even yet.

For example, the maid, Fanny, who happened to be then absent from Limmeridge, was expected back in two days; and there would be a chance of gaining her recognition to start with, seeing that she had been in much more constant communication with her mistress, and had been much more heartily attached to her than the other servants. Again, Lady Glyde might have been privately kept in the house, or in the village, to wait until her health was a little recovered, and her mind was a little steadied again. When her memory could be once more trusted to serve her, she would naturally refer to persons and events, in the past, with a certainty and a familiarity which no impostor could simulate; and so the fact of her identity, which her own appearance had failed to establish, might subsequently be proved, with time to help her, by the surer test of her own words.

But the circumstances under which she had regained her freedom, rendered all recourse to such means as these simply impracticable. The pursuit from the Asylum, diverted to Hampshire for the time only, would infallibly next take the direction of Cumberland. The persons appointed to seek the fugitive, might arrive at Limmeridge House at a few hours' notice; and in Mr. Fairlie's present temper of mind, they might count on the immediate exertion of his local influence and authority to assist them. The commonest consideration for Lady Glyde's safety, forced on Miss Halcombe the necessity of resigning the struggle to do her justice, and of removing her at once from the place of all others that was now most dangerous to her—the neighbourhood of her own home.

An immediate return to London was the first and wisest measure of security which suggested itself. In the great city all traces of them might be most speedily and most surely effaced. There were no preparations to make—no farewell words of kindness to exchange with any one. On the afternoon of that memorable day of the sixteenth, Miss Halcombe roused her sister to a last exertion of courage; and, without a living soul to wish them well at parting, the two took their way into the world alone, and turned their backs for ever on Limmeridge House.

They had passed the hill above the churchyard, when Lady Glyde insisted on turning back to look her last at her mother's grave. Miss Halcombe tried to shake her resolution; but, in this one instance, tried in vain. She was immovable. Her dim eyes lit with a sudden fire, and flashed through the veil that hung over them; her wasted fingers strengthened, moment by moment, round the friendly arm, by which they had held so listlessly till this time. I believe in my soul that the Hand of God was pointing their way back to them; and that the most innocent and the most afflicted of His creatures was chosen, in that dread moment, to see it.

They retraced their steps to the burial-ground; and by that act sealed the future of our three lives.

### III.

THIS was the story of the past—the story, so far as we knew it then.

Two obvious conclusions presented themselves to my mind, after hearing it. In the first place, I saw darkly what the nature of the conspiracy had been; how chances had been watched, and how circumstances had been handled to ensure impunity to a daring and an intricate crime. While all details were still a mystery to me, the vile manner in which the personal resemblance between the woman in white and Lady Glyde had been turned to account, was clear beyond a doubt. It was plain that Anne Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde; it was plain that Lady Glyde had taken the dead woman's place in the Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people (the doctor and the two servants certainly; and the owner of the madhouse in all probability) accomplices in the crime.

The second conclusion came as the necessary consequence of the first. We three had no merey to expect from Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde. The success of the conspiracy had brought with it a clear gain to those two men of thirty thousand pounds—twenty thousand to one: ten thousand to the other, through his wife. They had that interest, as well as other interests, in ensuring their impunity from exposure; and they would leave no stone unturned, no sacrifice unattempted, no treachery untried, to discover the place in which their victim was concealed, and to part her from the only friends she had in the world—Marian Halcombe and myself.

The sense of this serious peril—a peril which every day and every hour might bring nearer and nearer to us—was the one influence that guided me in fixing the place of our retreat. I chose it in the far East of London, where there were fewest idle people to lounge and look about them in the streets. I chose it in a poor and a populous neighbourhood—because the harder the struggle for existence among the men and women about us, the less the chance of their having the time or taking the pains to notice chance strangers who came among them. These were the great advantages I looked to; but our locality was a gain to us also, in another and a hardly



less important respect. We could live cheaply by the daily work of my hands; and could save every farthing we possessed to forward the purpose—the righteous purpose of redressing an infamous wrong, which, from first to last, I now kept steadily in view.

In a week's time, Marian Halcombe and I had settled how the course of our new lives should be directed.

There were no other lodgers in the house; and we had the means of going in and out without passing through the shop. I arranged, for the present at least, that neither Marian nor Laura should stir outside the door without my being with them; and that, in my absence from home, they should let no one into their rooms on any pretence whatever. This rule established, I went to a friend whom I had known in former days—a wood engraver, in large practice—to seek for employment; telling him, at the same time, that I had reasons for wishing to remain unknown. He at once concluded that I was in debt; expressed his regret in the usual forms; and then promised to do what he could to assist me. I left his false impression undisturbed; and accepted the work he had to give. He knew that he could trust my experience and my industry. I had, what he wanted, steadiness and facility; and though my earnings were but small, they sufficed for our necessities. As soon as we could feel certain of this, Marian Halcombe and I put together what we possessed. She had between two and three hundred pounds left of her own property; and I had nearly as much remaining from the purchase-money obtained by the sale of my drawing-master's practice before I left England. Together we made up between us more than four hundred pounds. I deposited this little fortune in a bank, to be kept for the expense of those secret inquiries and investigations which I was determined to set on foot, and to carry on by myself if I could find no one to help me. We calculated our weekly expenditure to the last farthing; and we never touched our little fund, except in Laura's interests and for Laura's sake.

The house-work, which, if we had dared trust a stranger near us, would have been done by a servant, was taken on the first day, taken as her own right, by Marian Halcombe. "What a woman's hands *are* fit for," she said, "early and late, these hands of mine shall do." They trembled as she held them out. The wasted arms told their sad story of the past, as she turned up the sleeves of the poor plain dress that she wore for safety's sake; but the unquenchable spirit of the woman burnt bright in her even yet. I saw the big tears rise thick in her eyes, and fall slowly over her cheeks as she looked at me. She dashed them away with a touch of her old energy, and smiled with a faint reflexion of her old good spirits. "Don't doubt my courage, Walter," she pleaded, "it's my weakness that cries, not me. The house-work shall conquer it, if I can't." And she kept her word—the victory was won when we met in the evening, and she sat down to rest. Her large

steady black eyes looked at me with a flash of their bright firmness of bygone days. "I am not quite broken down yet," she said; "I am worth trusting with my share of the work." Before I could answer, she added in a whisper, "And worth trusting with my share in the risk and the danger, too. Remember that, if the time comes!"

I did remember it, when the time came.

As early as the end of October, the daily course of our lives had assumed its settled direction; and we three were as completely isolated in our place of concealment, as if the house we lived in had been a desert island, and the great network of streets and the thousands of our fellow-creatures all round us the waters of an illimitable sea. I could now reckon on some leisure time for considering what my future plan of action should be, and how I might arm myself most securely, at the outset, for the coming struggle with Sir Percival and the Count.

I gave up all hope of appealing to my recognition of Laura, or to Marian's recognition of her, in proof of her identity. If we had loved her less dearly, if the instinct implanted in us by that love had not been far more certain than any exercise of reasoning, far keener than any process of observation, even we might have hesitated, on first seeing her. The outward changes wrought by the suffering and the terror of the past had fearfully, almost hopelessly, strengthened the fatal resemblance between Anne Catherick and herself. In my narrative of events at the time of my residence in Limmridge House, I have recorded, from my own observation of the two, how the likeness, striking as it was when viewed generally, failed in many important points of similarity when tested in detail. In those former days, if they had both been seen together, side by side, no person could for a moment have mistaken them one for the other—as has happened often in the instances of twins. I could not say this now. The sorrow and suffering which I had once blamed myself for associating even by a passing thought with the future of Laura Fairlie, *had* set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of her face; and the fatal resemblance which I had once seen and shuddered at seeing, in idea only, was now a real and living resemblance which asserted itself before my own eyes. Strangers, acquaintances, friends even who could not look at her as we looked, if she had been shown to them in the first days of her rescue from the Asylum, might have doubted if she were the Laura Fairlie they had once known, and doubted without blame.

The one remaining chance, which I had at first thought might be trusted to serve us—the chance of appealing to her recollection of persons and events with which no impostor could be familiar, was proved, by the sad test of our later experience, to be hopeless. Every little caution that Marian and I practised towards her; every little remedy we tried to strengthen and steady slowly the weakened, shaken faculties, was a fresh protest in itself against the risk of turning



her mind back on the troubled and the terrible past.

The only events of former days which we ventured on encouraging her to recal, were the little trivial domestic events of that happy time at Limeridge, when I first went there, and taught her to draw. The day when I roused those remembrances by showing her the sketch of the summer-house which she had given me on the morning of our farewell, and which had never been separated from me since, was the birthday of our first hope. Tenderly and gradually, the memory of the old walks and drives dawned upon her; and the poor weary pining eyes, looked at Marian and at me with a new interest, with a faltering thoughtfulness in them, which, from that moment, we cherished and kept alive. I bought her a little box of colours, and a sketch-book like the old sketch-book which I had seen in her hands on the morning when we first met. Once again—oh me, once again!—at spare hours saved from my work, in the dull London light, in the poor London room, I sat by her side, to guide the faltering touch, to help the feeble hand. Day by day, I raised and raised the new interest till its place in the blank of her existence was at last assured—till she could think of her drawing, and talk of it, and patiently practise it by herself, with some faint reflexion of the innocent pleasure in my encouragement, the growing enjoyment in her own progress which belonged to the lost life and the lost happiness of past days.

We helped her mind slowly by this simple means; we took her out between us to walk, on fine days, in a quiet old City square, near at hand, where there was nothing to confuse or alarm her; we spared a few pounds from the fund at the banker's to get her wine, and the delicate strengthening food that she required; we amused her in the evenings with children's games at cards, with scrap-books full of prints which I borrowed from the engraver who employed me—by these, and other trifling attentions like them, we composed her and steadied her, and hoped all things, as cheerfully as we could, from time and care, and love that never neglected and never despaired of her. But to take her mercilessly from seclusion and repose; to confront her with strangers, or with acquaintances who were little better than strangers; to rouse the painful impressions of her past life which we had so carefully hushed to rest—this, even in her own interests, we dared not do. Whatever sacrifices it cost, whatever long, weary, heart-breaking delays it involved, the wrong that had been inflicted on her, if mortal means could grapple it, must be redressed without her knowledge and without her help.

This resolution settled, it was next necessary to decide how the first risk should be ventured, and what the first proceedings should be.

After consulting with Marian, I resolved to begin by gathering together as many facts as could be collected—then, to ask the advice of Mr. Kyrle (whom we knew we could trust); and to ascertain from him, in the first instance, if the legal remedy lay fairly within our reach. I

owed it to Laura's interests not to stake her whole future on my own unaided exertions, so long as there was the faintest prospect of strengthening our position by obtaining reliable assistance of any kind.

The first source of information to which I applied, was the journal kept at Blackwater Park by Marian Halcombe. There were passages in this diary, relating to myself, which she thought it best that I should not see. Accordingly, she read to me from the manuscript, and I took the notes I wanted as she went on. We could only find time to pursue this occupation by sitting up late at night. Three nights were devoted to the purpose, and were enough to put me in possession of all that Marian could tell.

My next proceeding was to gain as much additional evidence as I could procure from other people, without exciting suspicion. I went myself to Mrs. Vesey to ascertain if Laura's impression of having slept there, was correct or not. In this case, from consideration for Mrs. Vesey's age and infirmity, and in all subsequent cases of the same kind from considerations of caution, I kept our real position a secret, and was always careful to speak of Laura as "the late Lady Glyde."

Mrs. Vesey's answer to my inquiries only confirmed the apprehensions which I had previously felt. Laura had certainly written to say she would pass the night under the roof of her old friend—but she had never been near the house. Her mind, in this instance, and, as I feared, in other instances besides, confusedly presented to her something which she had only intended to do in the false light of something which she had really done. The unconscious contradiction of herself was easy to account for in this way—but it was likely to lead to serious results. It was a stumble on the threshold at starting; it was a flaw in the evidence which told fatally against us.

I next instructed Marian to write (observing the same caution which I practised myself) to Mrs. Michelson. She was to express, if she pleased, some general suspicion of Count Fosco's conduct; and she was to ask the housekeeper to supply us with a plain statement of events, in the interests of truth. While we were waiting for the answer, which reached us in a week's time, I went to the doctor in St. John's Wood; introducing myself as sent by Miss Halcombe to collect, if possible, more particulars of her sister's last illness than Mr. Kyrle had found the time to procure. By Mr. Goodricke's assistance, I obtained a copy of the certificate of death, and an interview with the woman (Jane Gould) who had been employed to prepare the body for the grave. Through this person, I also discovered a means of communicating with the servant, Hester Pinhorn. She had recently left her place, in consequence of a disagreement with her mistress; and she was lodging with some people in the neighbourhood whom Mrs. Gould knew. In the manner here indicated, I obtained the Narratives of the housekeeper, of the doctor,

of Jane Gould, and of Hester Pinhorn, exactly as they are presented in these pages.

Furnished with such additional evidence as these documents afforded, I considered myself to be sufficiently prepared for a consultation with Mr. Kyrie; and Marian wrote accordingly to mention my name to him, and to specify the day and hour at which I requested permission to see him on private business.

There was time enough, in the morning, for me to take Laura out for her walk as usual, and to see her quietly settled at her drawing afterwards. She looked up at me with a new anxiety in her face, as I rose to leave the room; and her fingers began to toy doubtfully, in the old way, with the brushes and pencils on the table.

"You are not tired of me yet?" she said. "You are not going away because you are tired of me? I will try to do better—I will try to get well. Are you as fond of me, Walter, as you used to be, now I am so pale and thin, and so slow in learning to draw?"

She spoke as a child might have spoken; she showed me her thoughts as a child might have shown them. I waited a few minutes longer—waited to tell her that she was dearer to me now than she had ever been in the past times. "Try to get well again," I said, encouraging the new hope in the future which I saw dawning in her mind; "try to get well again, for Marian's sake and for mine."

"Yes," she said to herself, returning to her drawing. "I must try, because they are both so fond of me." She suddenly looked up again. "Don't be gone long! I can't get on with my drawing, Walter, when you are not here to help me."

"I shall soon be back, my darling—soon be back to see how you are getting on."

My voice faltered a little in spite of me. I forced myself from the room. It was no time, then, for parting with the self-control which might yet serve me in my need before the day was out.

As I opened the door, I beckoned to Marian to follow me to the stairs. It was necessary to prepare her for a result which I felt might sooner or later follow my showing myself openly in the streets.

"I shall, in all probability, be back in a few hours," I said; "and you will take care, as usual, to let no one inside the doors in my absence. But if anything happens—"

"What can happen?" she interposed, quickly. "Tell me plainly, Walter, if there is any danger—and I shall know how to meet it."

"The only danger," I replied, "is that Sir Percival Glyde may have been recalled to London by the news of Laura's escape. You are aware that he had me watched before I left England; and that he probably knows me by sight, although I don't know him?"

She laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked at me in anxious silence. I saw she understood the serious risk that threatened us.

"It is not likely," I said, "that I shall be

seen in London again so soon, either by Sir Percival himself or by the persons in his employ. But it is barely possible that an accident may happen. In that case, you will not be alarmed if I fail to return to-night; and you will satisfy any inquiries of Laura's with the best excuse that you can make for me? If I find the least reason to suspect that I am watched, I will take good care that no spy follows me back to this house. Don't doubt my return, Marian, however it may be delayed—and fear nothing."

"Nothing!" she answered, firmly. "You shall not regret, Walter, that you have only a woman to help you." She paused, and detained me for a moment longer. "Take care!" she said, pressing my hand anxiously—"take care!"

I left her; and set forth to pave the way for discovery—the dark and doubtful way, which began at the lawyer's door.

## SPECIES.

ONE of the earliest duties and pleasures of Adam in his Paradise was the studying and the naming of the multitudes of living creatures which passed in long review before him. In these latter days, the highest and the most refined intellects have found their greatest gratification in working out the same task. They have separated all living organised things into two grand allied kingdoms—Animals and Vegetables; but, as animal life appears at first sight utterly distinct from vegetable life, the study of the first has been called Zoology, a discoursing on life; while the second is content to be designated by the term Botany (Botanology it should have been), the science of herbs.

The Animal Kingdom comprises a much greater variety of forms and conditions than the Vegetable. There are beasts of two kinds: mammals, those that have outer breasts; and marsupials, as kangaroos, which rear their young in a pouch. There are birds; reptiles; fishes; star-shaped animals, built on a radiating plan; ringed animals, as earthworms; incrustated animals, as crabs and lobsters; insects; and others. All these are subdivided into classes, orders, families, genera, species, and varieties. Thus, the genus *Canis*, which gives its name to the Canidae, the great family of dogs, contains as species the fox, the jackal, the wolf, and the domestic dog. The domestic dog species branches into the varieties of hound, beagle, mastiff, Newfoundland, terrier, and other well-known forms.

Vegetables are also divided into families, genera, species, and varieties. In the Rosaceæ, the grand family of rose-like plants, are comprised many genera, quince, apple, medlar, hawthorn; peach, plum, cherry, apricot; bramble, strawberry, potentilla, besides the roses proper. Of the genus *Pyrus*, *P. malus*, the wild crab-apple, is one species; *P. communis*, the thorny wild pear, is another. Of these two species our dessert and kitchen apples and pears are varieties.

The genus *Rosa* has many species; from the variation of certain species our garden varieties have accidentally arisen, although some of these have been artificially obtained by cross-breeding between two other varieties, or species. Varieties from species both of plants and animals are found in a wild as well as in a domesticated state. Albino, or white red-eyed rats, sparrows, blackbirds, &c., are constantly being caught. The albinos of green birds are yellow; whence our cage canary, whose wild progenitor is a green-plumaged finch. The fields and the hedgerows annually yield plants with variegated and mottled leaves; less frequently, but still occasionally, with torn or ragged leaves. Mr. Lubbock has recently demonstrated that the muscles in the larvae of certain insects are far from uniform.

Species are universally acknowledged to be continually sending forth varieties, in greater or less number, some more frequently than others; and varieties to be varying to a slight extent; indeed, their deficient permanency is their chief characteristic. Man has often to exert all his art to render them stationary and permanent enough for his own convenience. Genera are merely bundles of species arbitrarily grouped together, and may at any time be revised, if science require. A large genus, containing very dissimilar species, may be split into two; or two very closely allied genera may be united into one. Genera can be regarded as fixed no further than the species of which they are composed are fixed, and as the judgment of scientific men shall decide to fix them.

What, then, is the nature of species—are they immutable and permanent, or do they vary? Let us call this, Question the First.

Question the Second.—What is the Origin of Species?

To these questions (the second of which is the mystery of mysteries) opposing answers have been given. The first is, that species are fixed, and do not vary upon the whole, but transmit their own identical qualities and forms to their seed, or offspring, and will continue so to transmit them to the end of time; that varieties either die out, or revert to their original species, or continue to vary within such narrow limits as not to separate them from their parent species; that cross-breeds between two distinct species are barren and are unable to reproduce an intermediate species that shall last and maintain its ground without falling back to one parent species or the other—this property is one that has been assumed to decide whether a species is a true species, or a mere variety; varieties may produce fertile offspring, and species not; and, lastly, that each species was originally and independently created, as we now see it, by the fiat of the Almighty Maker.

God said,

Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and straight  
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,

Limb'd and full-grown: out of the ground up rose  
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brindled mane; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground  
Bare up his branching head.—  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm.

But geologists have discovered that the earth bears what seem to be traces of grand convulsions, in which successive sets of living creatures lie buried. Answer the First explains them by admitting the convulsions (of which the last is Noah's deluge), and by believing that each successive fauna, or animal population of the world, was called into being by a separate creative act of the Great Artificer; that every animal and plant, at its creation, was providentially and purposely adapted to the circumstances in which it was placed, and, needing no change, was susceptible of none; that a species, like an individual, might be swept away when its allotted term of existence was completed, but could hardly be altered. Answer the First agrees with the views eloquently expressed in Paley's *Natural Theology*. Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species of beast, bird, insect, and plant, has been independently created.

Answer the Second (which has been gradually gaining ground and has obtained a fuller acceptance amongst a limited group of scientific men) tells us that we search in vain for the undiscovered and undiscoverable essence of the term species. Various definitions have been given; but not one of them has as yet satisfied all naturalists, although every naturalist knows vaguely what he means when he speaks of a species. Generally the term includes the unknown element of a distinct act of creation. Every one admits that there are at least individual differences in species in a state of nature; but certainly no clear line of demarcation has as yet been drawn between species and sub-species—that is, the forms which in the opinion of some naturalists come very near to, but do not quite arrive at, the rank of species; or, again, between sub-species and well-marked varieties, or between lesser varieties and individual differences. These differences blend into each other in an insensible series; and a series impresses many minds with the idea of an actual passage.

And here arises a point of considerable interest. Is it logical, or is it not, to infer that, because we behold a series of forms, there has been an actual transition from one form to that next above it? The whole dispute at issue rests on the effect which this consideration has on the mind. Some minds will accept the passage, others will not. Every one will allow that a series of plants can be made out, from the micro-



scopic yeast-plant to the branching oak; and a series of vertebrated animals, from the worm-like lamprey to the orang-otang; but not every one will admit, as a consequence, the theory that all plants are only gradual developments of a minute mould, and all animals the improved descendants of some primitive creature from which the lamprey itself is descended. In searching after the original condition of existing forms, some minds may suspect that the circumstance of finding that nature is composed of various regular series of forms, has been made to prove much more than it ought to be allowed to prove. Laplace's celebrated comparison of the nebulae, in what are supposed progressive stages of forwardness, to the trees of different ages growing in a forest, has appeared to some minds as assuming too much. Certain stars called nebulae, beheld with the best existing telescopes, have an ill-defined and cloudy look; others are less and less so, till we arrive at the perfect, point-like, glittering star, or cluster of stars, shining like diamonds in the sky. Hence it was concluded that these groups of suns are in a state of transition, passing from a vapoury chaos of inconceivable heat, into the coolness, arrangement, and order of our own system. But Lord Rosse builds a telescope of unprecedented power, and those cloudy stars, the imagined chaotic burning nebulae, are beheld as groups of gold-dust, each grain a sun, doubtless with its attendant worlds. If what is said of Lord Rosse's telescope be true, and that the nebulae are likely to prove all resolvable with improved instruments, and not to be in different stages of growth, the comparison fails, and we see how little trust we ought to put in this interpretation of a series—namely, that any one individual form must have passed in succession through those that are nearest below it in the chain. But, as the force of the argument will entirely depend on the peculiar turn of mind of the individual to whom it is addressed, it is only fair to take note of it.

Answer the Second would further suggest that life may originate, either in what is called the spontaneous generation of a multitude and variety of organised beings of the simplest class, or from a very few primordial forms into which life was first breathed by the Creator. Varieties of these would produce something more nearly perfect and more highly organised; and of these, again, the best only would survive, to be the parents of something still nearer perfection; and so on, till animated and vegetable nature became what we see around us. No grand cataclysms on the earth are needed; the fossil remains of former geological epochs are merely the dead bodies of creatures which have died out because they were overpowered or pushed aside by stronger rivals in the contest for the means of subsistence. Every existing creature is the lineal descendant of some creature that has lived before it; there have been no successive new creations at successive geological epochs. There often exist parts in an animal's organisation—such as rudi-

mentary teeth which never bite, rudimentary feet which never walk, and rudimentary wings which never fly—that cannot be explained by the final causes of adaptation and providential contrivance; therefore, the final causes of adaptation and contrivance, it is said, are inadequate to explain the peculiarities of a creature's organisation. Because it has them, it has survived during the process of natural selection; if it had not had them, it would have perished and disappeared; that is all. And so have arisen the immense variety of living creatures which we see around us.

This view is not necessarily irreligious, as it seems to be at the outset; for it does not deny the existence of a Supreme Overruling Power, although acting in a manner to which the minds of men in general are little accustomed; nor of a Sustaining and Regulating Influence, although the desired ends are brought about by contrivances which unthinking persons might call accident. But God is Continuous and Unyielding Law, and Incessant Energy, and All-pervading Life; and all those we behold around us wherever we direct our eyes. Whether we conceive many successive creative acts, or few, or only one, a creation once in existence must be sustained, not from day to day, and from hour to hour, but from half-second to half-second, without the intermission of the smallest imaginable fragment of time. But the creation which we see around us is so complicated and perfect, that it can only be sustained by an All-wise, Almighty Divinity. The greater the complexity of the machinery which is kept in action, the greater must be the energy and the untiring power of the eternal mainspring. It may be just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws.

In any case, it is clear that the innumerable species inhabiting this world have been modelled *somehow*, so as to be in possession of that perfection of structure and coadaptation which most justly excites our admiration. The *how*, religiously considered, may be a question of mode rather than of principle. Whether a wonderful adaptation of structure be effected directly at once, or indirectly by secondary causes, the perfection of the adaptation is alone sufficient to prove that it must have been effected by Infinite Wisdom. We ought not to feel greatly surprised, nor need our self-esteem be deeply wounded, if long-observant, reflective, and reverent men suggest that we have hitherto misapprehended the *modus operandi* of the Great Artificer. Instead of wondering that man's views of the Universe are so incomplete, the wonder is that they penetrate so far, and in many cases apprehend with such clearness and certainty.

We see beautiful coadaptations plainly, in such a creature as the woodpecker, with its feet, tail, beak, and tongue, so admirably fitted to catch

insects under the bark of trees; we see them in the case of the mistletoe, which draws its nourishment from certain trees, which has seeds that must be transported by certain birds, and which has flowers with separate sexes absolutely requiring the agency of certain insects to bring pollen from one flower to the other; we see them, only a little less plainly, in the humblest parasite which clings to the hairs of a quadruped or the feathers of a bird; in the structure of the beetle which dives through the water; in the plumed seed which is wafted by the gentlest breeze; in short, we see beautiful adaptations everywhere and in every part of the organic world.

How, asks Mr. Darwin, to whose theoretical views we purpose to recur hereafter—how have all these exquisite adaptations of one part of the organisation to another part, and to the conditions of life, and of one distinct organic being to another, been perfected? He answers, they are so perfected by what he terms Natural Selection—the better chance which a better organised creature has of surviving its fellows—so termed in order to mark its relation to Man's power of selection. Man, by selection in the breeds of his domestic animals and the seedlings of his horticultural productions, can certainly effect great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations given to him by the hand of Nature. But Natural Selection is a power incessantly ready for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's feeble efforts, as the works of Nature are to those of Art. Natural Selection, therefore, according to Mr. Darwin—not independent creations—is the method through which the Author of Nature has elaborated the providential fitness of His works to themselves and to all surrounding circumstances.

That creatures so remote in the scale of being as plants and animals are still bound together by a web of complex relations, he proves by a curious illustration. Humble-bees are indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease, for other bees do not visit that flower. From experiments, he also found that the visits of bees are necessary to the fertilisation of some kinds of clover; but humble-bees alone visit the red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence he concludes that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now, the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the

number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district, might determine, through the intervention, first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

Equally curious, and more difficult to explain, are what are called representative species. Thus we have our British song-thrush, which lines its nest with mud, and which is represented in South America by a thrush which also lines its nest with mud, in the same peculiar manner as our own. This may be called a representation at different points of space; but species are also represented at different epochs of time on the same point of space. Australia, which abounds in kangaroos and other marsupial animals, also contains abundant relics of fossil and extinct kangaroos. New Zealand possesses living wingless birds which are represented by fossil remains of the wingless birds of epochs removed from the present by an unimaginable distance of time.

For, of the elaboration of species as maintained by Mr. Darwin, not the least overwhelming idea is the lapse of time which it has occupied to accomplish. Some species have retained the same specific form for very long periods—enormously long as measured by years. The lapse of time has been so great as to be utterly inappreciable by the human intellect. The mind cannot possibly grasp the full meaning of the term of a hundred million years; and therefore it has a difficulty in adding up and perceiving the full effects of many slight variations, accumulated during an almost infinite number of generations. The belief that species were immutable productions, was almost unavoidable, as long as the history of the world was thought to be of short duration. From geology we have now acquired some idea of the lapse of time. During the early periods of the earth's history, when the forms of life were probably few and simple, the rate of change was probably slow; at the first dawn of life, when very few forms of the simplest structure existed, the rate of change may have been slow in an extreme degree. The whole history of the world, as at present known, although of a length quite incomprehensible to us, will hereafter be recognised as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since the first creature, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, was created.

From the imperfect and contradictory way in which the past history of the species of organised life on our planet has been interpreted, some notion may be formed of the difficulty of anticipating the future. All that we can with safety presume is, that changes among the living tenants of the earth, equally important in respect to forms and habits with those which have already occurred, are probable in times to come. Some writers believe that man has, at last, "begun to reap the fruits of his tedious education, and has proved to how great a degree knowledge is

power; that he has now acquired a dominion over the material world, and a consequent facility of increase, so as to render it probable that the whole surface of the earth may soon be overrun by this engrossing anomaly, to the annihilation of every wonderful and beautiful variety of animated existence which does not administer to his wants." They apprehend that the multiplication and spread of the human race will have the effect of exterminating whole species and genera of wild animals, and perhaps of plants. It may so turn out, to some extent. The bustard and the wild turkey may, perhaps, one day be laid low in the same grave of extinction which has swallowed up the dodo. With railways invading Africa and Asia, it is not difficult to hear in imagination the funeral knell of the last wild elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe. Insular animals are exposed to extermination by the increase of population and agriculture, as happened with the wolves of England, the capercaillie of Scotland, the Nestor parrot of Norfolk Island, the aboriginal black man of Van Diemen's Land; but for continental faunæ a source of safety and a door of escape exist in the instincts and propensities of man himself.

Man's power of increase and the exercise of his tyranny over the wide-spread earth, are greatly checked by his gregarious tendencies. The crowds who continually stream into great cities and die there childless, are so many petty tyrants, who abdicate their share of territory in the land in favour of its natural brute occupants. If the entire populations of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and every other great European city, were uniformly dispersed over Europe, each family located on an equal area, and living on the produce of the culture of that area—which might be the case, if men were solitary instead of gregarious in their habits—in twenty years only there must take place a perceptible diminution in the numbers of wild animals, birds, and even insects. But the great surplus of the rural population is drawn off by the temptations of town, leaving the field clear for the occupancy of brutes in default of the occupancy of men.

War is a more efficient institution for the preservation of the feroce nature than at first sight appears. The chase may be the best school for war; but war both gives full employment to the sportsman, and also diminishes his numbers. While the cat is away, the mice will play, and increase and multiply. Our battles, whether on a grand scale or in single combat, ought to be hailed, by our four-footed and our winged game and vermin, as most auspicious events. When hostile armies prepare to meet in deadly shock, the crows and ravens overhead caw and croak their approval; the rat in the hedgerow squeaks his congratulations to the fox in the brake; the bear in the pine-wood growls his deep satisfaction to the exulting chamois on the Alpine cliff. Can it be doubted that the Indian mutiny and its suppression, respited the lives of sundry tigers, lions, wild

swine, and jungle-fowl, affording them a long truce for the undisturbed rearing of numerous litters and broods? It is evident enough, that not many wild races of animals are likely to become extinct until wars shall have utterly ceased; and when that is likely to happen, we may learn by private inquiry of various European potentates, with a further reference to the powers of the western hemisphere.

### TAKING PIRATE JUNKS.

WHERE is that large vessel going, steaming so cautiously up that calm and peaceful strait, whose transparent waters are only disturbed by the floats of her powerful paddles? It is Her Majesty's paddle-wheel steam-frigate Sampson (so to call her), groping for some of the pirates that infest the bays and creeks all along the coast of China, some dozens of whom she has lately destroyed, and she is now expecting to do a little more in the same way. The captain is standing on the bridge, with his first lieutenant and the master, who, chart in hand, is carefully conning the ship, as she pursues her way through the comparatively unknown waters. There is a low neck of land running half way across the sound, about half a mile ahead, over which are to be seen what the shrewd gentlemen above named very much suspect to be the mastheads of some piratical junks, and which junks they intend to favour with a shot or shell, as the circumstances of the case may seem to require. But hark to the cry of the leadsmen in the chains, "By the deep, four!" The water is fast shoaling, and, as the steamer draws eighteen feet, the master tells the captain that we must come to anchor. The captain speaks to his first lieutenant:

"Stand by the best bower anchor for'ard!"

"All ready for letting go, sir," answers the boatswain from the nightheads; and, in compliance with another order, gives the necessary "One, two, three—let go!" with the subsequent accompaniment of his shrill pipe. There is a heavy splash, a rattle at the hawse-holes, and the anchor is down.

"Call the boatswain," hails the first lieutenant from the quarter-deck; "hands, man and arm boats."

In a moment what a rush! But all with the greatest order; in an inconceivably short space of time, paddle-box boats and pinnace are got out, and their guns in; cutters and gigs are lowered and manned, laying alongside, all awaiting the order to shove off; every officer and man is in the anticipation of a good day's work, the thought of failure or repulse never entering the heads of sailors when about to prosecute any undertaking. The wished-for word is at length given, when we all shove off and give way for the point, with a will: discipline alone suppressing a cheer. The cutters are round first, when the pirates, quite prepared, salute them with a dozen or two of shot, which come rattling about their ears, but do no damage beyond the breaking of an occasional oar or so.



At this display, our men are so delighted that they can no longer resist the impulse, and, one and all, give a regular thrilling British cheer: a sound that has, before now, struck terror to stouter hearts than those of Chinamen. The other boats are round the point, and the first lieutenant, who commands the expedition, suddenly finds himself opposed to about twenty piratical junks, besides several captured merchant junks, which have been armed, and whose guns are beginning to be worked with unaccustomed energy, loaded up to their muzzles with iron nails and fragments of every description, but, fortunately, too near to take much effect. Almost everything passes over the heads of our fearless little band, who find much difficulty in getting to work, though the guns in the paddle-box boats and pinnace answer right well with grape and cannister.

The junks are high and dry on the mud, where they have been left by the receding tide. Out of their boats, our people now leap, without hesitation (for delay were death), to wade their way to the sides of their antagonists' vessels, which, amidst showers of missiles of every description, they soon reach. Despite their disadvantages, they swarm upon the decks, and quickly clear them of their lawful (or rather lawless) occupants, who jump over the sides, right and left: the blue-jackets after them, who pursue them up the beach, knocking over those who are slowest in the race, and fast gaining upon the rest.

But who can that large body of men be, in red turbans and sashes, all dressed alike, who are coming down the mountain at double-quick time, from the town? Not friends, certainly; so our people think, for the handful of marines, with their officer at their head, are ordered to the front to form and receive them: though from their numbers it would seem of little use. Suddenly, a thundering report, and a mass of white smoke from the ship, show that those left on board are neither idle nor asleep: while a ten-inch shell (or, as the Chinese call it, "twice-eye shot") drops into the midst of our new acquaintances, greatly astonishing them, and causing them to waver; another ten-inch shell settles the question; they halt, and begin to jabber (always a sign of turning tail), while our heroic little band advance bravely, and let them have it to the utmost of their power. Presently, they run: the ship repeating her dose as fast as the guns can be served by their motley crews, formed of stewards, cooks, &c., who think they are having a fine lark all to themselves, and contributing greatly (as indeed they are) to the success of the day. The Chinamen are pursued up the mountain, until the dangerous proximity of the shell to our own men renders it prudent to proceed no farther, particularly as there is more for them to do at the scene of their late captures.

The prizes have to be inspected when we get there, and (it seems almost a pity) burned; for the first lieutenant's orders from the captain are "to sink, burn, and destroy;" and as naval commands are as the laws of the Medes and Per-

sians, which alter not, he now proceeds to carry them out. As volumes of smoke rise up from several of the lately piratical craft, half a dozen Celestials are seen to approach, with signs of great respect, and speak to the great man in command, explaining to him that they are captives, taken with their vessels, which they point out, and begging that those junks may be saved from the general destruction. The request is presently granted, much to their satisfaction. All this time our sailors and marines are not idle, and the piratical town, from which the inhabitants have all "mizzled," is made to blaze as high and fiercely as the junks.

The work of destruction is at length complete, and late in the evening all hands prepare for a speedy return to the boats: every officer and man being pretty well tired out with his day's work, and each congratulating himself that there is a good dinner and a comfortable hammock on board. But what are those objects which merry knots of sailors and marines are hustling down towards the boats? Not some of their foes, surely? Certainly not, for Chinese men would not have half the trouble taken about them; they are some very comfortable-looking well-fed Chinese pigs, which our people intend for their own particular digestion, and have no idea of allowing to escape. They all at length return on board, and, an hour later, after they have satisfied the cravings of hunger, they may be seen congregated about the fore-castle, pipe in mouth, each relating his adventures during the day, and his own private opinion of the affair.

But though they have done *their* work, there are others on board who are only beginning theirs, namely, the surgeon, the assistant ditto (or, as he is more commonly called, the doctor's mate), and an individual called the "sick Bay-man," who would be better known to the uninitiated as a chemist's assistant.

In a dark cockpit, is a strong deal board, known as the amputation-table, and now lighted by a few flaring "purser's dips," through the medium of which we are enabled to see the three aforesaid personages with short-sleeves tucked up, feeling the edges of certain sharp-looking saws, knives, &c., while before them lies stretched a little China girl of about twelve years of age, dressed in costly garments, from whom escapes, every now and then, a low subdued wail of agony, caused apparently by a wound in the right arm, which is bound up, and from which the doctors are about to remove the bandages: while the mother, a "small-foot lady," is bending over her daughter in deep sorrow. They are both rescued prisoners who were taken by the pirates, while passengers in one of the merchant junks journeying from one place to another; the poor little girl has unfortunately been hit in the arm twice, by rifle bullets, each of which lodged there, breaking the bone. The doctor proceeds to examine it, and decides that the fractured portion of the arm must come off; in a few minutes, the grinding of a saw is heard, and the operation is done, thanks to chloroform,

without pain to the poor little patient. Her mother is inconsolable, nevertheless: declaring that now, should it be necessary, she cannot work for her living, and must consequently beg.

Next morning, our steam is up, we get under weigh, and leave the scene of the late destruction: having in tow the recaptured trading junks. On the first attack of yesterday, a hoary-headed pirate was seen to fire a gun right in the faces of our men: the recoil of the gun (which had no breeching) sending him flying down the hatchway, breaking his legs, and Heaven knows what more of him. Now it so happens that the reinstated Chinese crew of this junk (which is one of those in tow), while cruising about on board of her, to see what is left to them, come across this old fellow, groaning away fearfully, and they, thoroughly terrified at the presence of one disabled pirate, set up a yell, such as those acquainted with the Chinese will be able to imagine, which, it being pitch dark, rather startles those on board the steamer, causing them to "stop her," and lower a quarter-boat, to send on board and see what is the matter. The general impression is, that there are some fifty men concealed, who have suddenly broken forth to recapture the vessel. The disgust of the boat's crew is inexpressible when they discover that they have had all the trouble for a single powerless old man, more dead than alive.

A few days later, after a run along the coast, we find another of Her Majesty's ships anchored at Amoy, with a full cargo of piratical prisoners, taken out of the many captures which she has made during her cruise along the coast. Notice having been given to the "Laouti," or governor of that place, a party of mandarins and their soldiers proceed on board to take charge of the criminals. After tightly binding them with cords, this party convey them to a prison on shore, in the yard of which (which answers the purpose of an execution ground) they were all beheaded, after the mock ceremony of a trial, in which they are allowed to have nothing to say for themselves.

#### TOO LATE.

Hush! speak low—tread softly—  
Draw the sheet aside:  
Yes, she does look peaceful;  
With that smile she died.  
Yet stern want and sorrow  
Even now you trace  
On the wan, worn features  
Of the still, white face.  
Restless, helpless, hopeless,  
Was her bitter part;  
Now, how still the violets  
Lie upon her heart.  
She who toiled and laboured  
For her daily bread:  
See the velvet hangings  
Of this stately bed.  
Yes, they did forgive her,  
Brought her home at last,  
Strove to cover over  
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given  
Wealth, and name, and pride,  
To see her looking happy  
Once before she died.  
They strove hard to please her,  
But, when death is near,  
All you know is deadened—  
Hope, and joy, and fear.  
And, besides, one sorrow—  
Deeper still, one pain—  
Was beyond them: healing  
Came to-day in vain.  
If she had but lingered  
Just a few hours more;  
Or had this letter reached her  
Just one day before!  
I can almost pity  
Even him to-day,  
Though he let this anguish  
Eat her heart away.  
Yet she never blamed him.  
One day you shall know  
How this sorrow happened:  
It was long ago.  
I have read his letter:  
Many a weary year  
For one word she hungered—  
There are thousands here!  
If she could but hear it,  
Could but understand!  
See, I put the letter  
In her cold white hand.  
Even these words, so longed for,  
Do not stir her rest.  
Well, I should not murmur,  
For God judges best.  
She needs no more pity;  
But I mourn his fate,  
When he hears his letter  
Came a day too late.

#### VERY COMMON LAW.

As it is not to be expected that Mr. Blank should get through life without a certain amount of railway travelling, we will furnish him with a few fragments of railway law.

And first, as to the liability of railway companies for statements made in their time-tables. A gentleman, whom we will assume was our illustrative man himself, having important business to transact in Peterboro' and Hull, fell to a consultation of the Great Northern Railway time-bills. From one of these documents, which he found hanging in the offices of the company, he discovered that a train was advertised to leave London at 5 P.M., arrive at Peterboro' at 7.20 P.M., and proceed subsequently to Hull. On a further investigation of the document, he came upon this supplementary notification: "The company make every exertion that the trains shall be punctual, but their arrival or departure at the times stated will not be guaranteed, nor will the company hold themselves responsible for delay, or any consequences arising therefrom." Undeterred by this announcement, Mr. Blank started upon his journey to Hull, and, having transacted his business at Peterboro', presented himself to

the station-clerk at that place and demanded a ticket.

Couldn't have it, this official informed him.

"Why not?" Mr. Blank demanded.

"Great Northern train goes no further than Milford Junction," responded the clerk.

"But the time-tables say otherwise," suggested Mr. Blank.

"Hull train ceased running since they were printed," replied the clerk.

"Change published?" asked Mr. B.

Clerk.—"No."

The clerk's statement was correct; but Mr. Blank (who did *not* reach Hull as he intended) having brought an action against the company for his detention at Milford Junction, recovered damages.

The limitation in the time-tables as to the arrival of the trains, was construed by the court as referring to inevitable accident, and was not deemed sufficient to exonerate the company. The more especially, my Lord Campbell said, as "the time-tables contain what the law calls a false and fraudulent representation."

For all this, however, we cannot undertake to say that railway companies can, in all cases, be held responsible for the unpunctuality of their trains, even when accident is out of the question. True, there have been instances in which County Court Judges have decided for their responsibility, and occasionally the Sheriffs' Courts of Scotland have laid down the like principle. On this side of the Border, however, the question is one of such uncertainty that we would not recommend our illustrative man to raise it. Let us discreetly pass over it with this transient glance, and endeavour to find matter of which we may speak with more confidence.

Transferring our attention, then, from the passenger himself, let us treat of his "impediments." Clearly, to our thinking, all railway companies are responsible for this. Very great pains are taken by the companies themselves to persuade the public to the contrary, but without materially affecting our opinion. Large-typed placards, which assert boldly that "every passenger may carry so many pounds of luggage, but that the company will not be responsible for the care of the same unless booked and paid for accordingly," have no weight with us.

Does not the following incident of travel, casually selected from the Reports, tend to alleviate any anxiety we may experience for the safety of our portmanteau? And if the lady there referred to, recovered the value of her dressing-case, why should we be intimidated by the large-typed placards? Why should we be disturbed by fears for our humble carpet-bag?

The lady, from whose experience we derive our comfort, was, with her maid, a first-class passenger on the London and Brighton Railway. Before entering the train, her luggage was weighed, and the excess paid for. Whilst it was being placed upon the train, the driver of the conveyance who had brought them to the station

deposited a dressing-case beneath the seat of their carriage. The lady, on arrival at the London-bridge station, was assisted from the carriage, as she was an invalid, and her maid looked after the luggage. Proceeding to do this, she was told by the porters not to trouble herself, as they would see to it. They saw to it, however, so ineffectually, that the dressing-case was lost, and the lady, having brought an action against the company for its value, recovered damages. "The company," said Mr. Justice Cresswell, "could not be said to have fulfilled their contract for delivery, and if it was their usual custom to deliver the luggage of the passengers at a particular part of the platform, that was the sort of delivery the company took upon themselves to make."

Before proceeding any further, however, it may be as well to mention of what "luggage," in the legal acceptance of the term, is supposed to consist.

"It comprises," according to Mr. Baron Parke, "clothing, and such articles as a traveller usually carries for his personal convenience, perhaps even a small present, or a book for a journey, but certainly not merchandise, or materials bought for the purpose of being manufactured and sold at a profit." A traveller, for example, having packed a quantity of ivory knife-handles amongst his luggage, and lost them, could not recover damages: because he was a cutler, and they were ruled to be merchandise.

One more point, and this for the special edification of Mrs. Blank. Sixty pounds' weight of luggage being allowed to any individual passenger, it has been decided that a passenger and his wife may carry between them one hundred and twelve pounds, and this, although the lady's share (a terribly unlikely circumstance) may amount only to the weight of three pounds.

So far we have been speaking of the luggage with which Mr. Blank is compelled to encumber himself whilst travelling; let us say one word of that which he is in the habit of receiving and despatching per rail. Not to involve ourselves in the meshes of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, we will assume that Mr. Blank is the humble recipient of an occasional parcel, rather than a merchant whose business is with tons.

Are railway companies responsible for parcels received by them to be carried beyond the limits of their line?

"It would be most inconvenient," said Mr. Baron Watson, in a case where this question was discussed, "if, when a parcel is sent from London to Glasgow (when it is carried on four different railways), the owner were obliged to find out at what particular part of the journey it was lost. It is said," he continued, in allusion to that particular case, "that the companies did not profess to carry the whole distance, but if a person deliver to a railway company a parcel directed to a certain place, one sum being charged for the whole carriage, that is holding out by these, to the person who brought the parcel, that they



would carry it as directed, and it is no answer to say they have never carried to that place before."

A Lancashire stonemason having gone into Derbyshire to look out for work, left his box of tools to be sent after him. Soon afterwards, his mother took the box to the Lancaster station, addressed to the mason, and to be left at some place in Derbyshire. She offered to pay the carriage, but the clerk informed her that it would be better for the person receiving the box to do so. The line of the company which received the box in the first instance, extended no further than Preston, where it was joined by the line of another company, which line was joined by another, to complete the route into Derbyshire. The box, after leaving the limits of the Lancaster and Preston line, was lost, and that company disputed their liability to make it good, because they had contracted to carry it, they said, no further than Preston.

The courts ruled otherwise. Lord Cranworth (then Mr. Baron Rolfe), whose direction to the jury had been objected to, but which direction the Court of Exchequer held to be correct, said, "What I told the jury was only this—that if a party brings a parcel to a railway station, which in this respect is just the same as a coach-office, knowing at the time that the company only carry to a particular place, and if the railway company receive it and book it to another place to which it is directed, *prima facie*, they undertake to carry it to that other place. That was my view at the trial," said his lordship, "and nothing has occurred to alter my opinion;" adding, "any other construction would open the door to incalculable inconvenience." Of course it would. If a common carrier is, under any circumstances whatever, liable for the safe delivery of the goods with which you entrust him, it is sufficient for you to know that the goods have been lost, without being called upon to point out the particular part of the route where they were lost.

There are yet a few more points of railway law which we will speak of, as concisely as possible: It is generally supposed that a person travelling without a ticket can be made to pay for the greatest distance over which the train in which he is travelling has passed. This is not the case: the law only compelling him to pay for the distance he has actually travelled.

Railway travelling unhappily suggesting the desirability of "Life Insurance," let us briefly glance at the common law aspect of this excellent precaution.

Mr. Francis, in his *Annals of Life Insurance*, informs us that thousands of pounds were insured upon the life of Sir Robert Walpole, that policies were taken up on the life of the Pretender, that the sporting gentlemen of the period speculated upon the lives of his adherents, the rebel lords; that the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower threw many policy-holders, rejoicing at the prospect of that nobleman's speedy decapitation, into dismay; that "there

was absolutely nothing upon which a policy could be opened that was not employed as the opportunity of gambling." As might be expected, these good old times were too good to last (there were few analytical chemists in those days, and the insured life *may* have occasionally come to a somewhat premature termination). In the early part of George the Third's reign the attention of Parliament was directed to the law of life insurance; and, from that time, any insurance on the life of any person, wherein the insurer has any kind of gaming or wagering interest, is void. Further, it was then laid down "that it should not be lawful to make policies on the life of any person, or any other event, without inserting the name of the person for whose benefit the policy was made," and (as the last clause with which we feel called upon to deal) "that no one should recover on his policy more than the value of his interest."

The "interest" here spoken of has been decided to mean a *pecuniary* interest. Such an interest, for example, as Mr. Blank's tailor may feel in him previous to the payment of his little account, or, to speak more largely, such an interest as any of Mr. Blank's creditors may entertain towards that gentleman. It is not a sentimental quality, in fact, to which the act alludes, and, although it permits Mrs. Blank to have an insurable interest in her husband, it will not allow that Mr. Blank has such an interest in his son. The question has been tried in one instance, and, although it was ingeniously argued that the father had an interest in his son's life, because he might reasonably expect to be reimbursed by him for his maintenance and education, yet the courts would not admit the construction. "It has been said," Mr. Justice Bayley remarked, in allusion to this point, "that there are numerous instances in which a father has affected an insurance on the life of his son. If a father, wishing to give his son some property to dispose of, make an assurance on the son's life in his (the son's) name, not for his (the father's) own benefit, but for the benefit of his son, there is no law to prevent his doing so: but that is a transaction quite different from the present, and if a notion prevails that such an assurance as this one in question is valid, the sooner it is corrected the better."

As to the clause which enacts that the name of the person interested shall be inserted in the policy, we may say that a compliance with this is essential, and not to be dispensed with on any account. A person once, the Reports inform us, insured the life of a lady in his own name, but in reality for her benefit. After the death of the lady, the policy was disputed, and subsequently declared void, Mr. Justice Wightman saying "it seemed to him that the act required that the name of the person really interested must appear, whether the policy be really wagering or not."

To come to the last clause. It was formerly held that when a creditor insured the life of his debtor for any sum, he could only, in the event of the debtor's death, recover the value of his in-

terest at the time of the death. Supposing the debt to have been paid, for instance, during the lifetime of the debtor, he would receive nothing. The insurance-offices, however, though this was the law, found it to their interest not to act upon it, and a recent decision of the courts has now established the principle that a creditor shall receive the value of the interest which he had at the time of effecting the insurance, whether that shall have been diminished or increased previous to the debtor's death.

"The contract of life insurance," said Vice-Chancellor Wood, when this question was argued before him, "is simply a contract that, in consideration of a certain annual payment, the company will pay at a future time a fixed sum calculated by them with reference to the value of the premiums which are to be paid in order to purchase the postponed payment. Whatever event may happen meanwhile is a matter of indifference to the company. They do not found their calculations upon that, but simply upon the probability of human life, and they get paid the full value of that calculation. On what principle can it be said that if some one else satisfies the risk, on account of which the policy may have been affected, the company should be released from their contract? The company would be in the same condition whether the object of the insured were accomplished or not; whether he were in a better or worse position, that would have no effect upon the contract with the company, which was simply calculated upon the value of the life which they had to insure."

Mr. Blank is no doubt aware that, before insuring his life, he will be called upon to declare his name, residence, and occupation: whether he has had small-pox, cow-pox, gout, liver complaint, fits, spitting of blood, asthma, disease of the lungs, &c. &c. Also to furnish the name of his medical man for reference. This being the case, let us endeavour to explain the construction to be put upon this declaration of Mr. Blank.

An insurance company having agreed to lend a certain person, whom we will call Smith, a sum of money, upon the security of a reversionary life interest to which he was entitled and a policy on his life, desired that the latter should be effected in some office other than their own, though upon their application. On the usual inquiries being made as to Mr. Smith's health, they referred the office to whom they applied to his medical man, and to an intimate friend of his, for information. From both of these persons favourable replies were received, but the office, nevertheless, declined to grant the policy. Application having been subsequently made to another company upon the same basis, strengthened by a statement from Mr. Smith himself that he was in a good state of health, the policy was granted. In the course of time, Mr. Smith died, and the policy was disputed, on the ground that a false representation had been made of his state of health. The Court of Queen's

Bench decided that neither was Smith himself, nor were the referees, to be looked upon as agents of the insurers, so as to affect them by any misrepresentation which they might have made. There were other points raised as a matter of course, but upon this particular argument Lord Campbell said: "The admission that the referees were the agents of the insured would entirely prevent a life policy from being a security on which a man could safely rely as a provision for his family, however honestly and however prudently he may have acted when the policy was effected;" and this was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Appeal.

Although the statements of the referees, however, do not necessarily bind the insurer, any declaration he may make himself, when embodied (as it usually is) in the policy, has a widely different effect. It then becomes the keystone of the fabric, and if found unsound will endanger the whole.

Thus, an Irishman who had insured his life declared that none of his near relations had died of consumption, and that his life had never been accepted or refused by any other office; whereas, two of his sisters had died consumptive, and he had actually insured his life in another office. He declared, moreover, that if any circumstance material to the insurance had not been truly stated, or should have been misrepresented or concealed, the policy should be considered void. The policy after his death was very reasonably disputed; but, the question having been tried in an Irish Court, and the judge having directed the jury to find for the company, only if the statements were false and material, they were considered to be not false and material. The House of Lords, to whom the question was subsequently referred, without expressing any opinion upon this estimate of falsity and materiality, decided that the judge was wrong. He ought to have directed the jury to find a verdict for the company, they said, if the statements were simply false, and were made in obtaining the policy. It must be clear, however, that the statements made by Mr. Blank in effecting his policy are *wholly* false before the company can take advantage of his misrepresentation.

Isaac Thomas Perrins, when insuring his life described himself, with a pardonable flourish, as Isaac Thomas Perrins, Esq., of Saltley Hall, Warwickshire. He did live at the Hall, and, for all we know, he may have been an esquire. He was also, however, an ironmonger, and kept a shop. In his policy was contained a condition that, if any statements in the proposal were untrue, if (the policy) should be void. The company, taking advantage of Mr. Perrins's little flourish, and of his obliqueness about the shop, disputed the policy—and almost with success. The judges were not by any means of one mind, however. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn thought, with regret, that he was bound by the case in the House of Lords, to which we have referred, and that, the statement

made by Mr. Perrins being untrue, he could not inquire into the materiality of it. Other judges extricated themselves from the difficulty by thinking that the statement was not *false*, but insufficient, which was quite a different matter. Mr. Justice Hill apparently contented himself by asking a few pertinent questions. "Is there any statement," he said, "or allegation, contained in the proposal or declaration, which is untrue? The party is asked, amongst other things, his name, residence, profession, or occupation. He answers, 'Isaac Thomas Perrins, Esq., Saltley Hall, Warwickshire.' Every word in the answer is true, there is nothing on the face of it which is shown to be false, but it is an imperfect statement, inasmuch as it does not go fully into the occupation of the party. Suppose a party who was a wine-merchant and a banker described himself as wine-merchant only, could it be said that it contained an untrue statement, and did not fulfil the requirements of the condition?"

There are other points touching the very common law of life insurance which must be deferred.

#### SLOW COACHES.

THE age we live in will not tolerate Slow Coaches. The age insists upon rapidity in its locomotion, and "Slow coach" has become a term of derision.

I often endeavour—remembering many slow coaches that have disappeared in my brief span, and carrying the knowledge, obtained from books, of many more—to ascertain how many chariots, two-wheelers and four-wheelers, yet linger and deserve the uncomplimentary epithets of "slow coaches." On every succeeding Derby Day some few slow coaches still make their appearance among the tearing barouches, the skurrying mail-phaetons, the easy-gliding broughams, and the mountainous, yet mobile, four-in-hands, full of irresistible impetus—the Life Guards, the Milhaud cuirassiers of the coaching world. There is never a stoppage at Kennington Common or at Cheam Gate but the van of some incorrigibly Conservative old slow coach appears—a four-wheeler generally, with hardened horses, bent on having their own way, and a perverse driver who *won't* adapt himself to circumstances, and who *will* look upon the Derby of 1860 as the immediate successor to the Derby of 1830, when he first drove to the pleasant Downs of Epsom. Such obstinate men are, curiously enough, often theoretically right in their chariotearing, and adhere inflexibly to the rule of the road. What is the rule of the road? It has explicit existence and cannot be termed *Lex non scripta*, for it has been codified in a stanza; and a late celebrated barrister owed, it is said, much of his success in getting verdicts in running-down cases, to his dexterity in discovering the exact moment when the jury's ears might be tickled with a poetical quotation, and the promptitude with which he gave them the vehicular dictum:

The Rule of the Road is as plain as one's hand—  
I explain it I need not be long:  
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right;  
If you keep to the right you are wrong.

Shrewd attorneys' and barristers' clerks in court could always tell, at a certain stage of the running-down case, and from a peculiar twitching about the facial muscles of the advocate, when the famous rule was coming. The jury always liked it, and grinned in their box. The bench liked it. Baron Owlet, though he had heard the wise saw a hundred times before, used to murmur the doggerel, with a pleased chuckle, after the speaker. Wheeler, the puisne judge, invariably entered the Rule of the Road in his notes, as a modern instance. It is said that Mr. Jehu, K.C., would never have been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, but for the Rule of the Road.

When the Derby week is over, the slow coaches disappear, to turn up, sometimes it may be, at small provincial race-courses; but the most extensive resuscitation of slow coaches within my remembrance was on an occasion within the last ten years, when the London cabmen struck for fares, and when the recesses of the remotest livery-stables, and the penetralia of the most antediluvian coach-houses were rummaged for vehicles to replace the recalcitrant Hansoms and four-wheelers. It is believed that the celebrated "one-horse shay," concerning whose trip to Brighton the popular comic song was written, made its appearance on the eventful morning of the strike. Flies, glass-coaches, sociables, yellow post-chaises, dennets, stanhopcs, désoblégantes, pill-boxes, landaus, and curricles of weird and ghostly look, of sad and old-world form, and driven by ancient men of sour mien and costume out of date, fretted through the wondering streets. Men whispered that Queen Anne was not dead, after all; that Frederick Barbarossa had awakened from his century sleep among the Hartz mountains, and, finding his beard grown through the table, had cried, "It is time!" and that Rip van Winkle had come down from his game of ninepins with the Dutch slow coaches of the Schuylkills. There were rumours afloat, that Cinderella's pumpkin carriage had been seen in Regent-street; that the wild Prince of Wales had driven Perdita Robinson on a high perch round the Ring in Hyde Park; that Peagreen Haines and Romeo Coates had reappeared, conducting curricles in the shape of cockle-shells; that the Exeter flying coach; and the York Icarus, which took six days to perform their journeys, were plying between Sloane-street and the Bank; and that, from the Coach and Horses tavern in Conduit-street, was seen to start a phantom *etc.*, the immortal emblem of human respectability, drawn by a spectral horse, and containing some ghostly pork-chops and the top-booted apparition of Thurtell, on his way to Gill's Hill-lane, to murder that Mr. William Weare of the ballad, who dwelt in Lyon's Inn. The cabmen's strike was soon over, however, and the slow coaches disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as they had come.



To discover slow coaches, few methods are more efficacious than to get well blocked up in Fleet-street or Cheapside—the facilities for carrying this into effect are most obligingly placed at your disposal by the corporation—and to survey the vehicular entanglement, from the knife-board of an omnibus, or from over the apron of a Hansom's cab. Of course the fast—when the drivers have a reasonable chance of fastness—predominate. Light carts, spring vans, powerful railway waggons, broughams and clarences with patent axles and noiseless wheels, parcels delivery carts, tradesmen's carts, dog-carts, and butchers' carts with trotting ponies, even costermongers' shallows of which the donkey-steeds would move their little legs rapidly had they a clear stage and no favour in White-chapel or in Tottenham-court-road—tilburies, and phaetons, and chariots, and tax-carts, and basket-chaises: all these tell of the unmistakable modern appetite for speed. Even the prisoners' van is no longer a slow coach; and once beyond Finsbury-square, that great black, shining felony-box moves with a ponderous swiftness Hollowaywards. But there is yet an admixture of slow coaches among the more rapid craft. There is that inevitable young member of the commercial aristocracy who *will* drive tandem to his wholesale haberdashery warehouse in Gutter-lane, who is unmoved by the taunts and threats of indignant cabmen and omnibus drivers, and who, so long as he persists in backing when he should advance, driving sideways when he should drive ahead, and wearing an eye-glass, and so long as he doesn't know what to do with his wheeler, and isn't at all certain about his leader, will remain a hopeless and intolerable slow coach. I see the sad-coloured fly with the jolting windows and the brass-door handle viciously wrenched awry, drawn by the scraggy horse with the switch-tail, and driven by the methodical man in the drab gaiters and the Berlin gloves: which fly belongs of course to the ill-tempered old lady who takes her niece to live with her for charity, and starves and beats her—always for charity's sake—and who is going to the Bank to draw her dividends. At the slackest part of the driving day, and be the road ever so clear, the sad-coloured fly never moves but in a dully-plodding manner; and if ever a passing cabman happens to flick his whip against the window-pane, down comes that protecting screen, and the ill-tempered old lady puts her morose old head out and screams after the cabman that he is a villain, and that she will have him tried at the Old Bailey. I see the great, dark, comfortable, heavy hammerclothed, double-seated family carriage, the very weight of the heraldic bearings on whose panels would be sufficient to make it a slow coach, and which contains eminent bankeresses proposing to call in Lombard-street and confer with their eminent bankers' spouses, concerning truffles and pineapples, ere they return to Rochampton for the great dinner of the evening. I see the goods-waggons full of bales and barrels, which must remain slow

coaches till the end of the chapter, and which I sincerely wish were all underground—not dead, but buried, many fathoms deep, out of the way of people who have business to transact, and jogging along a comfortable subterranean railway. Then I am aware of those minor slow coaches, waifs and strays of laggard driving, that *will* drift among the screws and paddle-wheel steamers of modern vehicularity. Timid old maids drive blind ponies with distressing caution; farmers' wives from Bow, Tottenham, Edmonton, and Brentford—places that you might imagine to be quite close to London, but which are in reality twenty thousand miles away from the metropolis—jolt heavily and draggingly along in old-fashioned chaise-carts. Superannuated tradesmen, in rusty traps drawn by grave fat cobs that will never win the Cesarewitch, are the slowest of the slow. They have nothing to do; and don't see the use of being in a hurry. The washerwomen's carts make no secret at all about being slow coaches. In addition to having to stop at every sixth door or so to take in linen, Monday, the great opening day of laundresses, is a far more jocund and festive season to those laborious persons who blanch our under-garments, than you might imagine. On Monday Mrs. Wrench, of Clapham, meets Mrs. Boyler, of Fulham-bridge, on the road. Mrs. Copperblue, of Turnham-green, exchanges the quotations of the prices of articles per dozen with Mrs. Starcher, from Chelsea. The superb Mrs. Mingleman, who “does” for so many of the aristocracy, passes by her rival Mrs. Hangemout, who washes for the very best of the West-end clubs, with ineffable red-faced disdain. The washerwomen's carts are always stopping at the corners of streets where licensed victuallers call the attention of the public to their neat wines and sparkling ales. I like to see lordly Mrs. Toweller sitting in her comfortable cart, monarch of all she surveys, plump and ruddy among the clothes-baskets with their heaps of linen covered with distended tablecloths, like snow-white apple-pies. Jolly Jack Toweller, the husband, drives. When off duty, he does gardening jobs for a gentleman at Hammersmith, who is benevolent, but is touched in his head, and *will* paint his geraniums pea-green when the gardener is away. I like to see this social washerman alight, enter the hostelry, and anon emerge, bearing the glass of sparkling ale, or, perchance, the “drop of comfort,” for his strong-armed missus. Great joking then takes place, and politics and scandal—mainly bearing on the wash-tub and the ironing-board—are discussed.

The hackney-coach! It is a grave error to suppose that the musty old slow coach of our youth, with the sham heraldry, the straw carpet, and the spikes behind, is extinct. From the stands, the hackney-coach has indeed vanished—has not the waterman, with his low-crowned hat and his perpetually counterbalancing water-buckets, himself disappeared, and been replaced by an officer in uniform?—but the hackney-coach is

yet to be met with at railway termini, and plies quietly for the accommodation of large families with much luggage, coming to town from the midland counties. The hackney-coach takes them back again, also, to the terminus, when their trip is at an end; at least, so I conjecture from the appearance of one of these antiquated caravans in a quiet street in which I lived some two summers since, and which (this caravan) conveyed away one father, one mother, one grandmother (aged), a few adult sons and daughters, a tribe of ruddy children, a confidential housekeeper (likewise aged), a stout housemaid, a few tons of luggage, a shaggy dog, and a jackdaw in a wicker basket. Some time was necessarily occupied in stowing these impedimenta in the roomy old slow coach; although I entertain not the slightest doubt of its capacity to have held besides, a chest of drawers, and a young elephant. As I tranquilly surveyed the scene from an upper casement opposite, the coachman, catching my eye, or rather the lens of my pocket-glass, produced a small card from his pocket, made signs of tendering it to me, pointed to his bony steeds (which were eating their nose-bags), wagged his head violently, and stamped his foot, to express an idea of their surprising bone, mettle, and speed. I was amused at the thought that he should take me for a man who looked as though he wanted a hackney-coach, and sent Hannah down for the card. It looked, on closer inspection, remarkably like a pawbroker's duplicate, and bore on one side the number, and on the other the owner's address, in a street somewhere off the Blackfriars-road: it contained, moreover, a neat reference to glass-coaches for wedding parties. I think the courteous charioteer must have been the owner of hackney-carriage 9063; and I remark that the majority of the drivers of these rare vehicles look like the proprietors thereof. They are staid, grave men of subdued mien, clad in sleeved waistcoats and mid-calf boots, are generally advanced in years, and would decidedly have been hired by Sir Roger de Coverley when he drove forth to take the air with Mr. Spectator. They wear silver watch-chains, and have a rate-paying expression of countenance. I seek in vain for the old jarvey with his many-caped Benjamin; the fierce, loud, restless, horse-lacerating, passenger-bullying ruffian of twenty-five years ago; with his unblushing audacity of extortion and his astounding volubility of abusive slang. There is a word-picture of one of these fellows in a song to the old burden of "Tamaroo"—a picture to me positively terrific:

Ben was a hackney-coachman bold:  
"Jarvey! jarvey!" "Here I am, yer honour!"

Ben was a hackney-coachman bold,  
Tamaroo!

How he'd swear, and how he'd drive!  
Number three hundred and sixty-five!

With a right fol liddle oddle, heigh, gee woa!

This is dreadful: this delineation of a hackney-coachman, in all his boldness and hardened ribaldry, swearing and driving, and yelling "Tamaroo" all the way.

Splendour, nobility, and even royalty, have not yet done shaking hands with slow coaches: they come out occasionally in St. James's-street on drawing-room days, covered with gold and varnish, and filled with antique carmined dowagers with slow nodding plumes: also, with purblind peers and generals. Our good Queen gets rid of the slow coach incubus whenever she has a chance. See her dashing in the open carriage with the scarlet outriders towards Ascot Race-course, and hear the countless thousands peal out their great joyful shout as she and her nobles emerge from the Long Walk, and the carriage slackens its pace, and the horses, champing in their constrained slowness, move along the velvet sward. See the simple carriage that holds Royalty, swiftly gliding to theatre or opera. At home, at Osborne, and at Balmoral, we are told the Queen drives a little basket pony-chaise; but Routine must have its rights, and the slow coacheries of our glorious constitution are not to be trifled with. So, once or twice a year, her Majesty, and her Masters of the Horse and Mistresses of the Robes, are compelled to enter that huge gilded gingerbread and glass-case of a waggon, with the squat coachman, and the squat horses—the old original Absurdity and Monstrosity, with the Roman helmets, and the fasces, and the palm-trees, and the panels painted by Cipriani over Thornhill, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, Gog, Magog, and the Emperor Heliogabalus into the bargain for aught I know, sprawling about a golden Noah's Ark. How Queen Victoria must hate the state carriage! How the Mistress of the Robes must abhor it, and the Master of the Horse shake his fist at it, when he makes a tour of inspection through the Royal Stables! Stop: perhaps they all like it. How do we know? Lord Chamberlain, perchance, is fond of walking backwards. I think, myself, that I could manage to wear a gold robe and a cocked-hat, or lawn sleeves and a wig like a birds'-nest—if I were well paid for it.

The Lord Mayor of London enjoys also the possession of a state slow-coach, elaborately carved and gilt, and equally resembling a twelfth-cake and the car of Juggernaut. The civic state carriage has cost some thousands of pounds sterling in its time, and its maintenance in a decent state of repair yet involves, I believe, the annual expenditure of a considerable sum of money. Its interior is, I am afraid, inevitably affected with dry rot; but the coach is, of course, a great civic institution, and the corporation could no more get on without its state carriage than without the Mace and the Sword Bearers, the Guildhall Giants and the City Marshal. I wonder whether it will ever be found possible to get on without the corporation itself! This is a levelling age. The barge is gone, the man in brass is gone. I tremble for the state carriage.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has his slow coach, an angular affair very far gone in gold-leaf; but the right honourable gentleman, to his great good fortune, is very rarely seen in it. There

is another slow coach, too, connected with the State, to which—but I have no space—I might advert in detail. I mean that appalling combination of four-post bedstead, railway-truck, fire-engine, and the trophied wall of Hampton Court Palace guard-room, on which mountain on wheels they put, eight years ago, a catafalque covered with an emblazoned tablecloth, and on that again the coffin, hat, and sword, of the great Duke of Wellington—a tinselled canopy covering all; then, harnessing a strong team of gin-spinners' horses, swaddled in sables and led by distillers' draymen disguised as undertakers, to this astounding blunder, they dragged it through the streets of London: squads of policemen following behind with coils of rope to hoist its wheels up, should the funeral car happen to stick in the mire. Wretched abortion! I saw it the other day in a mean shed of the yard of Marlborough House, with nine country cousins staring in a bewildered manner at the carbines and kettle-drums, and at the hobby-horses whose dusty black plumes are mouldering on their wooden heads.

But the strangest and the slowest state coaches these eyes ever beheld, were—not here, but in a stranger city, in a far-off country, more than a thousand miles away. I remember well the dark dull August afternoon, the impending thunderstorm, the hot atmosphere, the blighting chill in the shade, the wide stucco-facaded street, the mob of bearded men in pink caftans, striped drawers, and long boots, the policemen kicking, sticking, and thrusting this mob back, and then, issuing from the gates of the imperial stables, a long procession of state carriages, drawn each by six gigantic Pomeranian horses—the largest steeds I ever saw, and, as to their heels, sprung, every one of them. These carriages were, some, of the twelfth-century waggon form; others, were like roomy Sedan chairs on wheels; all, were painted and carved, and gilded in the approved slow-coach fashion; but the sun happening to pierce through the clouds for a moment, I saw the near panels of the carriage next me glittering in a fantastic manner. Giving a policeman some money, and not being in beard or caftan, I was permitted to approach close to one of these sumptuous vehicles. I found each and every panel thickly encrusted with devices of bits of cut glass stuck in gilt setting. These were sham diamonds—O genius of barbaric pomp! and I laughed till I was obliged to bribe another policeman lest he should take me, by my merriment, to be a malcontent, and lay me by the heels. These were the state carriages of his Imperial Majesty Alexander Nicolaievitch, Tsar of all the Russias; and they were making a trial procession, prior to being despatched per rail to Moscow the Holy, in time for the coronation solemnities. The majority of these sham diamond-ornamented slow coaches had been built in the time of the Tsarinas Anne and Elizabeth, and one dated so far back as the time of the great Tsar Peter, who had caused it to be constructed for him in Vienna.

When I recal these quaint relics of a slow-coach age, I seem to stand in a Panteichon of

remembrance, and not alone the bygone sheriffs' carriages, but a whole cavalcade of the slow coaches of the past, move sluggishly before me. Here comes the veritable coach-and-six—such a coach as is sculptured on the monument of the murdered Thynne in Westminster Abbey, such a coach as one of the six in which six squires of high degree set out to bail the Man of Ross when he lay under unjust accusation. Large contrivance of wood and leather, rumbling on broad-tired wheels, are thus drawn by long-tailed Flanders mares with hanging footmen and running footmen, and containing the lieutenant of the county, my lady and her daughters, and the chaplain in the boot. Here comes the Cardinalatial slow coach, scarlet and gold, very gorgeous and fit equipage for a prince of the Church, but smelling of the rare singeing it underwent at the hands, or rather the torches, of the Mazzinians in 1849. Following it, comes the large sedan, gilt and embossed, carried by grinning lacqueys. Lady Bab shows her patched and painted face, and flirts her fan from the window, and anon the gilt and glazed sedan changes into the dingy and rickety affair still patronised by gouty valetudinarians at remote watering-places. Here, is the mule litter of the middle ages, with curtains blazoned with armorial devices—curtains very closely drawn; there may be a sick king or a languishing princess within. There, drags on slowly in its rear, the clumsy Turkish araba, drawn by white oxen with gilded yokes, and crimson tassels beneath their dewlaps. The araba has curtains, too, but they are not so closely drawn but that you may see the stout Turkish ladies within, their black eyes beaming over the yashmaks' barrier, their rosy-tipped fingers plucking flowers to pieces. They giggle and titter, and tease the hideous black servitors, who march, now sulky and now grinning, by the araba's side; they are on their way to the Valley of Sweet Waters to enjoy coffee, and sherbet, and sweetmeats, and the fragrance of narghilé-inhaled tobacco. Next do I catch a glimpse of a slow coach that died in its Broddingnagian youth, an ephemeral monstrosity, the advertising van, frightening the second-floor windows from their propriety with amazing placards relating to eye-snuff, and oat-bruising, and medicated cream. All these fade into a watery mirage, and in my swimming sight is a pale vision of the old French inland boy, the "coche" so called, which brought servants, and milliners, and apprentices, from the provinces to Paris during the old régime; a dream of old diligences, and vetturini, and estafettes, and Eil-wagens; and of the corpulent, lazy, comfortable Flemish treykschuyt, full of beer and tobacco-smoke, and fat men, fat women, and fat children, and often of fat pork and mutton, that was wont to float in peaceful slow-coachdom on the waters of the Low Countries' shallow canals. And these, again, give way to the last slow coach of all, the HEARSE; but as I gaze upon it with gloomy forebodings, I see the undertaker's men who crowd its roof, swinging their legs airily, and joking among them.



selves. The nodding plumes give way before red noses, the palls and horsecloths are thrust inside, and the slow coach breaks into a fast trot.

### OUR EYE-WITNESS AMONG THE BUILDINGS.

THE subject which we are now considering is one in every way on a much larger scale than that (of the London Statues) which we last took in hand. Not only does every one of the houses, in every one of the streets, contribute an item to the architecture of London, but besides this, there is this fact to be remembered, that while the oldest of our London statues—properly so called—dates no further back than the time of Charles the First, there are buildings in London whose pedigrees are older than that of the Rake's father-in-law in Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*.

Whether that gradual decline, which was traced in our Metropolitan Statues, has its prototype in the chronological history of the London Buildings, is a question which, because of the difference of *style* in such structures as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and the special beauties of each, it is difficult to decide; but this at least may be affirmed, and affirmed with confidence, that, after the period of the building last named, the descent was rapid and continuous, and that, at the time when the statues began to be at their worst, our buildings were at their vilest too.

But there is certainly one respect in which we are better off in an architectural than a sculptural point of view:—whereas it was distinctly proved that our very last productions in the way of statues were the worst of all, and that the steps which might be taken to improve our city in this respect were neglected, it is certain that architecturally our unhappy metropolis has got over the worst, and that some unmistakably favourable symptoms are beginning to appear. For, though we have recently been guilty of a bridge—at Battersea—which is calculated to fill us with despair, that is yet but a degradation of an already rather hopeless neighbourhood, and we may feel pretty secure that no one of our great public sites will ever again be burdened with such a range of building as that which occupies the northern side of Trafalgar-square, or by such gimmerack tenements as border that fashionable thoroughfare which goes by the cheap and unpromising name of Regent-street.

If ever the day should arrive when he who ascends the Monument on Fish-street-hill is able to see anything besides smoke, one of the first things that would catch his attention would be the "four grey walls, and four grey towers" of the fortress of London. Low-lying, compact, snug, at once suggestive of its purpose and agreeable to the eye, there is in the Tower of London nothing to complain of. From the river, from London-bridge, from every point of view the Tower is always a pleasant feature of the town which it is supposed to pro-

tect. If we built a fortress to guard our city now, we should do it doubtless on different principles, and pile it high in the air. When that Tower was first made, what was there to be gained by height? They had no cannon then with which to rake the river, and lying low as we see it, the occupants of the place were out of the way of the arrows which, it must be remembered, were but straight-flying projectiles, and could not, like the modern shell, drop from the sky into the middle of a garrison. When that Tower was built, there were but few and simple objects to be borne in mind in its construction, nor did invention move at such a rate as it does now, when while the preparations are making to meet the new discovery, another takes place which renders those preparations useless. There is a kind of lazy luxury now about the act of looking at such a structure as the Tower, and thinking how little one would have had to do to cut a figure in the days when it was built. For the rest, it is a castle that defies our criticism; for it fulfilled its purpose in its day, and had neither pretension nor impotence—or both, as sometimes happens—to make it amenable to ridicule. There is no fortress of any sort, material or otherwise, but is wholly impregnable if it do but fulfil the duties of its station, and pretends to nothing that it cannot perform.

If this little more than negative achievement is great: if it is much to perform what is promised even when the promise is a small one, what is it to offer a great pledge, and to redeem it, to aim at mighty altitudes and to reach them, to give a word of promise of incalculable value, and keep it to the last iota of the contract? And all this is done, as far as the first builders were concerned, in the cathedral church at Westminster; the first "builders" it is repeated, for he who added the chapel of Henry the Seventh did no injury to the building, although the new chapel was of a widely different style. He presented his new offering at the old shrine, but gave it in his own language, and in no attempt to mimic that, *which nevertheless he admired*, of the older period. Such are the additions—or else none at all—that can be made to an old edifice without offence. If the style of your period—and every period should have a style—will not suit the old building, then you must leave it alone. Would that Sir Christopher Wren had done this, and then the towers at the west end of our abbey would never have been raised to disfigure it. Wren had a manner of his own, and a fine one, but it would have been ridiculous to use it in connexion with the Westminster church, and, feeling this, he tried to go back and revive what belonged to another age, and to resuscitate a corpse. He should have let the Abbey alone, as Sir Hans Sloane did the smaller edifice spoken of by Pope. Let us have no restorations. Mend, if you will, repair as much as you like, but never attempt to return to the past. No more classics, no more medievalisms, no more bran-new gothic architecture, no more illumination. These things have all been done, done gloriously and per-

fectly, done once for all. It is wise to do that which you can do better than it has ever been done before. It is not wise, in a great and advanced era, to do that imperfectly which, at a period now gloriously surpassed, was done better than, with all our mechanical aids, it can be done now; because it was then the natural expression of the feeling of the time. This is an age of glass and iron, why is there no church constructed of those materials? We should have no stone roof then to shut the sky out, as our creed requires no shelter from the light of Truth.

It may be urged, you would hear ill in this same glass cathedral, and indeed you would. What do you want to hear? The hearing was wanted at the time when there were no printing presses and no books. The voices of a thousand singers would be heard, and of ten times that number of men at prayer. To worship, to pray, to sing hymns of praise is what we want churches for in this age, and not to listen to a single voice. The time has moved in all things else, why has it stood so strangely still in this?

There needs no revision, which we are so afraid of, but simply a division of our Church services, to furnish the Liturgy for such a cathedral as this in question, nor, for those who like it, need the sermon or lecture be an impossible thing. Some smaller part of the building, some side chapel, might be set apart for such a purpose.

Were such an edifice as this, A CRYSTAL CATHEDRAL, to be raised on Primrose-hill, with short and attractive services carried on there throughout the Sunday, many men would go to church who never do so now; because, after a week of labour and effort, a compulsory two hours in a pew is a restraint to which they are slow to yield themselves. It is for such persons that the writer is pleading, and it is a large class. There is ample church provision for those who are satisfied with things as they are; but there is another class, whose requirements have surely been too little studied, and in whose interests these words are written.

The period next arrived at in our London Buildings is, perhaps, rather an ostentatious one. Not ostentatious about nothing, but still making the most of itself. The edifices are not only fine, but they tell you that they are so. In Whitehall, where may be seen the dawning of this grandiose and pompous style; in St. Paul's Cathedral, where its full development is attained; and, for a minor example, in Somerset House—in all these, a certain element of ostentation may be detected, which, because there is something real and sterling behind it, is neither despicable nor offensive. St. James's Palace does not belong to that period in appearance, and all its suggestions are of an earlier time; but no one who looks at Whitehall can associate that noble building with any race but the Stuarts, and with the period when every trace of mediævalism was gone for ever; a time which it is difficult, by-the-by, to mark more accurately and more characteristically than by the substitu-

tion of the title "Mister" for the older and more gracious "Master." This is an infinitely subtle though trifling sign of those times, and has in it the dawning of this age in which we live, and of its habits and customs. "Where is Mr. Pym?" was the plaintive inquiry of Charles the First when in search of his "birds that were flown" from the House of Commons.

From that unhappy second king of the Stuart race, it is difficult to get away. The real figure of Charles the First at Charing-cross held us longest while we were considering the statues, and now an imaginary figure of that sinned against and sinning sovereign, appears at the Whitehall window.

Though, there are in Whitehall—a faultless model of its kind—a thousand beauties to admire. Its proportions would be hurt by six inches more or less in any part, so exquisite is their symmetry and so just their balance. It is the exact size that an unbroken building should be; had it been larger it would have been monotonous: smaller, it had been unimposing. Let no one suppose that such a structure is easy to raise, because it is so simple. The easy-looking, and the simple things in all art matters are more difficult than the complex and intricate. It is a rule that easy reading is hard writing, and to construct anything that the mind takes in without effort, and without being puzzled by it, is a triumph of art. It might be deemed no arduous task to raise such a palace as Whitehall with its four plain walls with windows in it. If it were easy to build so, why is it not done? The Reform Club in Pall-mall has four plain walls with windows in it, as Whitehall has, but he who goes from one to the other will find a difference which is not in favour of the club-house. There is one strange deficiency in Whitehall which must strike every one who looks at it, and that is the absence of any apparent means of getting into it. At first sight it appears to be all windows and no doors, and you really become quite puzzled at last as to this omission, and, examining the building behind and before in vain, discover at last, in a great ugly block of masonry, built on at the side, a couple of little doors, such as are seen in the vestry of a church, and which give admission to the interior of the Hall. These means of entrance are both paltry and unworthy, and if the men who sit on horseback in the alcoves of the Horse Guards opposite are ever critically disposed, here is the weak point for them to fasten upon. The fact is, that Whitehall is a fragment, and was simply a banqueting-hall built on to the original palace in the time of James the First.

And what if it is to the order of ostentation that St. Paul's belongs? If it is ostentatious, has it not cause to be so? Could that vacant place have been better filled, could that hill of Ludgate have been better crowned, than by the work of Wren which is there? In the Gothic rage which has fevered us of late, the beauty of this cathedral has been too much lost sight of; for it must be remembered that, independently

of its being such a genuine expression of the age to which it belongs, and of his mind who built it, this church is, in its character of a work of art, a high and magnificent achievement. It is fine from all points of view. If you get a mere glimpse of it between the houses of some narrow neighbouring lane, it is a fine and suggestive glimpse. If you see it from a distance, so huge and telling a structure is it, that the vast extent of London is still gathered and held together by it as completely as a village by its rustic church. London, with all its increase, does not outgrow *that*, nor ever will. There is no other thing that could have had this effect but a cupola. There is nothing else, no spire, no tower, however great, that could so hold our town together. The dome seems to have been invented with a prophetic eye to great towns and their exigencies, and for ours even more than others. There are no nooks and crannies in that vast smooth surface to become choked and disfigured with dirt and soot. It is not a jot the worse for all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers. Indeed, the style of the whole building is in its large and even masses, and the great blocks of masonry by which it makes its effect singularly calculated to set our London smoke at defiance.

Nor is there in this noble church anything—as has been alleged by some—that savours of the Pagan temple rather than the Christian cathedral. The great vital reality that religion is in this country is by no means inaptly represented by this simple and undisguised pile. This church is Christian, but it is not Catholic in its look. There are about it no furtive and secretive corners, no contrivances and intricacies that fear the light. It shows candid and open in the daylight, like the creed it represents, and gives to our sight everything which it has, because it has nothing to conceal.

But with this feeling of admiration which we surely all experience for St. Paul's Cathedral, is there any one who wishes that such a church should be reproduced? Surely not. When, caught by the notion of the cupola, we have in more recent days introduced it for the sake of introducing it, we have not prospered over well, as those will think who give themselves the trouble to spend a half-dozen of minutes in front of the National Gallery or to the London University.

But are we not travelling a little fast in descending suddenly from St. Paul's Cathedral to these modern structures? Curiously enough, there is little to detain us in the chronological history of the London Buildings between these two periods. Beyond such edifices as the Foundling Hospital—which is not beautiful—a few churches and some rebuildings and additions made here and there, there is not much to hold us on our way to more modern times and the architectural glories of our own—in this respect—most favoured age. There are, however, one or two things in connexion with this intermediate period which it is necessary to mention.

The classic rage, which it will be remembered

struck us in examining the statues belonging to a certain phase of metropolitan decoration, is not unrepresented in the buildings of the time, and is in few things more conspicuous than in the prevailing fondness for urns, which seems to have existed in men's minds. In the decoration of Somerset House, which is a good specimen of the pompous style, these urns are in combination with trumpeting angels and other vile statuary, the chief resources in a decorative way at the architect's command. The urns are, indeed, to the buildings, what the trancheon was to the statues, of that age, and are in every way as satisfactory and as interesting. Just Heaven! what an invigorating thing it would be to be able to plough down into the depths of a man's mind profoundly enough to ascertain the *exact* object which he has in view when he surmounts the edifice in course of construction with a row of urns! At Somerset House, on the "new" church in the Strand; and (in more modern instances) on the parapet of the Treasury and of Buckingham Palace, the frequent urn is present to suggest the cup which cheers but not inebriates. What is the fiction of these urns? and what are they supposed to hold? Their very figure accuses a hollow inside: how is that hollow filled? Is any elucidation of the difficulty provided by the fact that the appearance of this beautiful and intelligent ornament is nearly coeval with the first introduction of tea into this country? It may be so. It may be that the national mind, elated with the joy of this new discovery, could hear of nothing but tea and its emblems, and that even the architects of the day were obliged to yield to the popular feeling on the subject. But why are these vessels incomplete, and destitute, to an urn, of spout? The suppression of this indispensable part of the urn is to be deplored, not only because in itself it is ruinous to the urn, *as* an urn, to be without a spout, but because it has led to the introduction of much foreign matter in connexion with these vases which is inconsistent and anomalous to their nature. Let any man proceed to the Treasury buildings in Parliament-street, and if he has good eyes, he will see that the long and desperate licence allowed to our architects in their permission to suppress the spouts of their tea-urns has borne terrible fruit in these modern times; the liberty to tamper with his subject having induced the designer of the Treasury urns to represent each of them emitting from its cover, not a cloud of steam, as might have been expected, but a *fir-cone*, which, having had the luck to grow out of a tea-urn, proves itself worthy of its wonderful origin, and in its turn gives birth, out of its very entrails, to a small and pointed obelisk.

Tea-urns, trumpeting angels, and all things else considered, it must be owned that Somerset House (especially as seen from the river) is a fine and imposing edifice, and a good representative of the order of architecture which we have ventured to call the *Ostentatious*.

When things come to the worst, they are



commonly near to mending; and certainly at the beginning of this present century all matters of taste were at their very, very worst. The comparatively modern structures of about that time are almost inconceivably vile, and quite inconceivably sad and dispiriting. The London University, spoken of above, is not calculated to exhilarate the pupils who attend that seat of learning, or to reconcile the patients in the hospital opposite, to that life to which they have been recalled. Nay, it exercises a baneful influence over the street in which it stands, and it is not till it gets near Bedford-square that Gower-street is able to recover itself, and to pluck up heart at all. Nor is the neighbouring Museum, though of more recent date, and narrowly missing what is grand and fine, a structure that makes the animal spirits to leap with joy. The great magnificence of the style aimed at by this building lies in certain things—very simple things—without which it is shorn of the glory which, where those things exist, it may boast of more, perhaps, than any other kind of architecture that has ever been invented. Being a style of architecture in which detail goes for nothing, and in which everything depends on the symmetry and beauty of the main outlines, it follows that any defect in these is finally and utterly destructive. Such a temple as that which we have raised in Great Russell-street to the memory of the Ancients, demands, as a *sine quâ non*, certain conditions, which, if the thing is to be fine, must be fulfilled. The first and most important of these is height, and the next is space around, and especially in front of it. Were the British Museum placed on rising ground with a great square in front of it, were the centre of it raised on a flight of steps so that the bases of the columns were where the capitals are at present, were there, then, a little more length of building on each side of the portico before the turn of the wings, we should see much to admire in this edifice, and should be struck and impressed by its grandeur. As it is seen necessarily from a near point of view, the projecting wings being much nearer the eye than the central portion of the building, that part of it which should rise majestically above the mere tributary portions at the sides is, by those inferior members itself, dwarfed and debased, as any one may see who stands with his back against the area railings which are opposite this ambitious edifice. The British Museum has, however, had a narrow escape of being a fine building, and must, therefore—and because, when the moon is shining above it, it is really impressive—be treated with very much greater respect than that other classical attempt which represents our commercial greatness in the city. The Royal Exchange is admirably calculated to shake the confidence which the world is pleased to bestow upon us, and looks like a structure raised by a city of Jeremy Diddlers as a joint-stock TEMPLE OF INSOLVENCY. It takes a walk to the Guildhall, and a few minutes spent before its capital old façade, with its store of windows, and its pleasant waving line against the sky, to

get one back into a right condition of respect for the resources of the City of London.

But worse than the Royal Exchange itself, worse than the London University, worse than even Buckingham Palace with its banners, its trophies, its spike-emitting urns, and its spear-brandishing Britannias, worse than the worst of everything in the world, is that building which represents the arts of this country, and in which our national collection of works by the old masters and our annual show of pictures by the new, are exhibited to the admiring multitude. If, as we have seen in considering the characteristics of Somerset House—if the state of a man's mind, when he designs a row of urns as an ornament is a curious and interesting subject of investigation, what shall be said of him who, as has been the case with the architect of the National Gallery, decorates the front of his building with an interminable succession of blank stone windows. It is a very doubtful thing whether in the case where there occurs a space among several real windows which requires filling up—it is a grave question whether that dismal fiction a blank window, is admissible even then, but to have a row of blank windows across the whole width of Trafalgar-square, to keep *two* small practicable ones in countenance, is indeed an unpardonable offence. But, perhaps, it will be said that these are wanted to break the wall, as ornaments? O architect! if you had constructed your edifice aright, walls would have been broken by the necessities of the building itself.

But to what purpose is it to enter into this minute criticism of an eyesore which, like the Wellington Statue, is a standing grievance of our town? To what purpose is it, after all, to dwell upon the defects of this unhappy structure, which in one word may be said to have everything it ought not to have, and nothing which it ought to have? It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper-boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show upon it!

We shall offend by such buildings no more. The germ of improvement is surely showing itself. Our glance at some of the principal buildings of London, has shown us a decline from the days of Wren, but there is also now something to encourage us to look hopefully on with a conviction that we shall not offend (seriously) any more. The new Covent Garden Theatre—though a portico with windows underneath it is not pleasant to the eye—is a fine and stately building; and the new Houses of Parliament, though characterised by some aggravating deficiencies, are not of the kind of edifices which one feels inclined to laugh at.

It would be very painful were it necessary to criticise with severity the work of one whose loss is so recent as that of Sir Charles Barry. But happily this is not the case. Compared with anything that had gone before for many many years, the Houses of Parliament come out as almost great in their undoubted superiority.

Speaking of them, as of other London edifices, merely as they show outside, and not entering into the question of their internal arrangements and adaptability to the purpose for which they were intended, regarding them from a decorative point of view only, there is this to be said in their favour: it is a great achievement to have completed so huge an undertaking at all, and to have made such a mark as this upon the earth. It is a symmetrical and consistent whole, its lines and proportions are very agreeable, its details are well carried out, and it is altogether formed upon the best models of the period to which it professes to belong. In a word, there is everything here but genius—genius with its inconsistencies, genius with its failures, genius with its absurdities, if you will, but still with that one power of *interesting* you which it alone possesses. This is what line and plummet cannot do. There is no accuracy of copying, however close, no reproduction of ancient marvels, however laborious, that can hold us, lost in that pleased surprise with which we regard, for the first time, those achievements which have been put forth by a new and creative mind. To feed upon the produce of other men, to revive the glories of a previous age, to build upon those models which the schools have established, may be the course which it is safest for those to adopt who feel no wealth of new invention in their hearts, and whom no audacious promptings from within urge on to glorious aspiration, to dangerous flights, and sometimes to disastrous falls. With such falls we sympathise, such flights carry us with them, and at the sight of such aspirations our own breath comes fast and thick. The pomposities of Wren, and the wild extravagancies of Vanbrugh, will not hinder the admiration of any mind but a narrow and prejudiced one, and it is not to criticise, but to wonder, that we pause before St. Paul's Cathedral, or linger at the gates of Blenheim.

The first great defect of the buildings at Westminster is that, in the chronological history of our town, as told by its architecture, they are wholly valueless. In the Tower of London, in Westminster Abbey (nay, in every alteration and addition to that church), in Whitehall, in St. Paul's Cathedral, we find plain and unmistakable evidence of the period to which each of these structures belongs. But there is nothing to mark those Houses of Parliament as having been raised in the reign of Victoria. In addition to this fault, there is another of less, but still of some, importance. Granting that this edifice was to be founded on some old and established type, and waiving, for the moment, the objection that it should have marked and represented in some distinct way the age to which it belongs, there is yet this great defect in its construction, that it is too uniform in its surfaces, too minute in its ornamentation, and that the eye is stunted of those great massive shadows,

and those varied effects of light in which it revels, and which there was surely nothing in the exigencies of the building to render impossible.

But if it was not the fortune of the builder of the new Parliament Houses to call into existence such a structure as shall seduce the passer-by into a temporary forgetfulness of the business which brought him to Westminster; it is at least certain that there is nothing here calculated to disgrace us, nor any place for such strong condemnation as is imperatively called for by that disastrous failure the new bridge at Battersea. There is no attack too ferocious for this paltry toy. To ride roughshod over this wretched thoroughfare, and to resent the infliction upon us of this permanent and unavoidable eyesore, is to yield to a just and righteous indignation, such as this offence against taste most certainly merits. When a great engineering difficulty is overcome, but conquered in a clumsy and ungainly fashion, we may regret, it is true, that the victory was not to be achieved more gracefully, but we are still resigned and satisfied; but when what is in these days a small feat only has to be accomplished, we are less tolerant of its offences against the laws of beauty. We can again stand pretty patiently all forms of sturdy disfigurement, and those kinds of ungainliness which are characterised by strength; but for flimsy ugliness, and those external defects which belong to the gimcrack order, we neither have, nor should have, any patience. And this bridge is essentially gimcrack. It is like a child's toy made of tin. It is based upon the model of those designs which adorn the lids of children's colour-boxes, and the cases in which three little blown bottles of choicest perfumes are sold for sixpence. So slight and trifling a structure does this bridge appear, that, at a little distance, you almost fancy it could be taken up and put away in the drawer with the tin German soldiers, the magic lantern, and the Noah's Ark. If the park to which this conduit leads should ever attain to be a place of popular resort, if the trees of Battersea Park should ever reach to more than three feet of height, then the ugliness of the new bridge would become of even greater importance than it is at present.

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